

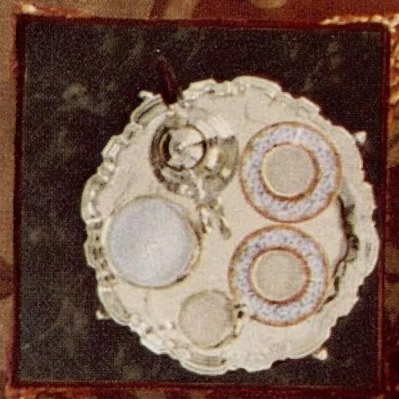


THE

Tatler

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MACBETH TO MUSIC...
GODPARENTS ARE SO
SOCALLY SIGNIFICANT



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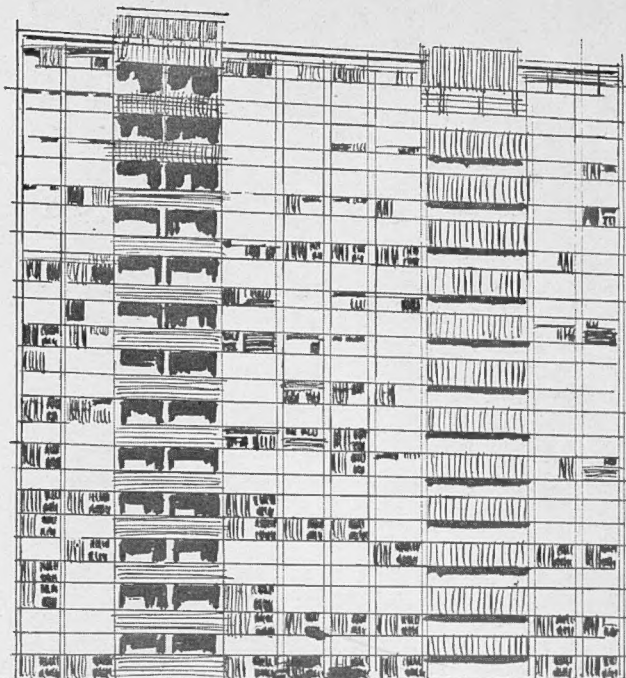
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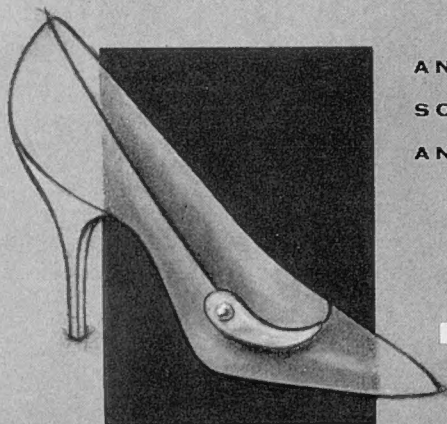
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Volume CCXXXV Number 3056

23 MARCH 1960

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OF GODPARENTS & LAYABOUTS



Cover photographed by David Olins shows Angela Gore housecoat in chine printed cotton, trimmed with white nylon pleated frilling. From Debenham & Freebody; McDonalds, Glasgow; Brights, Bristol, 7½ gns. Aubusson carpet from Vigo Art Galleries, Vigo Street, W.1 (£300), reproduction George III silver coffee set and tray from Mappin & Webb, pure silk taffeta cushions from 5 gns. each from Godfrey Bonsack, Davies Street, W.1

COME to think of it, there isn't always so much difference. After all, God isn't exactly the preoccupation of most godparents today, and as for the parents who coax them into taking on the job social-climbing is more often the motive. As Mary Macpherson puts it (page 559), *Godparents are so socially significant*. The Queen must have a particularly trying time, always being asked to be a godparent. She has said yes 15 times and some of the lucky godchildren are illustrated (page 559). Now, with a new prince to be christened, it is the Queen's turn to do the asking. . . . Getting back to layabouts, the COVER FEATURE dramatically demonstrates how to be sloppy with style. To see them at their most striking, David Olins has photographed the new negligées, housecoats and dressing-gowns from overhead. See *The Elegant Layabout* (pages 573-79). . . . For loafing, but without elegance, *Under the bridges of London* sounds promising. In fact Keith Money found that a surprising amount of activity goes on there, as his unusual photographs show (pages 569-71). . . .

Muriel Bowen, who never relaxes, has been to the Cheltenham Races, but not content with bringing back her report, she has also interviewed Lord Willoughby de Broke, who is chairman of the Cheltenham Steeplechase Company (page 562). . . . For the racegoing set there is also some news of country fashion and accessories in *Point-to-pointers* (page 586). . . . Back in London an operatic occasion occurs tomorrow week with Covent Garden's first performance of an early Verdi work, which Spike Hughes discusses in his usual lively and knowledgeable way in *Macbeth to music* (page 580). He has an encyclopaedic grasp of music and once reigned as Britain's leading jazz critic. Nowadays that throne is filled by Gerald Lascelles, who contributes his regular *Verdict on records* this week on page 592.

Is there an English style? This is the question asked by Ilse Gray, who surveys the field of domestic design with some international pictorial comparisons (page 584). But the answer is left to you. . . . Finally, Anthony Kinsman has triumphantly surmounted "Y" in his amusing verse series *The Social Alphabet* (page 595). He has defeated "Z" too, as a future issue will show.

Next week: For Budget week, *The Great Underpaid*, photographed by Roger Hill. . . . *The Inside & Outside Story*—of what's new for spring redecorating and for livening up the garden. . . .



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HARO



GOING PLACES

SOCIAL EVENTS

Dior Fashion Show followed by dinner, Hurlingham Club, 24 March, in aid of Adoption Committee for Aid to Displaced Persons. Tickets: 5 guineas from Lady Birdwood, PAD 2805.

"Flower Drum Song," special performance 25 March at the Palace Theatre in aid of English-Speaking Union's Educational Trust.

Hunt Ball, Staffordshire Beagles, Mount Hotel, near Wolverhampton, 1 April.

SPORT

Rugby: Great Britain v. France, St. Helens, Lanes. **Wales v. France**, Cardiff. **Army v. R.A.F.**, Twickenham. All 26 March.

Grand National, Aintree, 26 March.

Horse Trials: Cowfold, Sussex (in aid of Olympic Games Equestrian Fund), 25-26 March. **Stowell Park**, Glos, 29-31 March.

Point-to-Point: Quorn Hunt, Cropwell Bishop, Notts, 31 March.

Rowing: Tideway Head of the River Race, Mortlake to Putney, 26 March. **Boat Race, Oxford v. Cambridge**, 2 April.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera: Verdi's Macbeth, 25 March. Spike Hughes writes of it on p. 580.

ART

Sickert Centenary Exhibition, Agnew's, Old Bond Street, W.1. In aid of World Refugee Year.

FIRST NIGHTS

Duchess Theatre. Go Back For Murder. Tonight.

Palace Theatre. Flower Drum Song. 24 March.

Metropolitan Theatre. Posterity Be Damned. 28 March.

Savoy Theatre. The Gazebo. 29 March.

THEATRE

From reviews by Alan Roberts. For this week's see page 589.

Watch It, Sailor! "... whatever the King and Cary team did for their 1½ million listeners in *Sailor Beware!* they have done it again—exactly." Kathleen Harrison, Cyril Smith, Esma Cannon, Josephine Massey (Aldwych Theatre, TEM 6404).

St. Joan. "... producer Douglas Seale has got on with the job ... if he has made mistakes, all of

them together are too small to mar the overall splendour." Barbara Jefford, Alec McCowen (Old Vic, WAT 7616).

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 590.

G.R. = General release

The Wreck Of The Mary Deare. "... splendidly directed ... dash off to any cinema showing this film." Gary Cooper, Charlton Heston, Virginia McKenna. G.R.

Our Man In Havana. "... full of delightful flashes of wit and irony." Alec Guinness, Noël Coward, Ralph Richardson. G.R.



WHERE TO EAT

by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

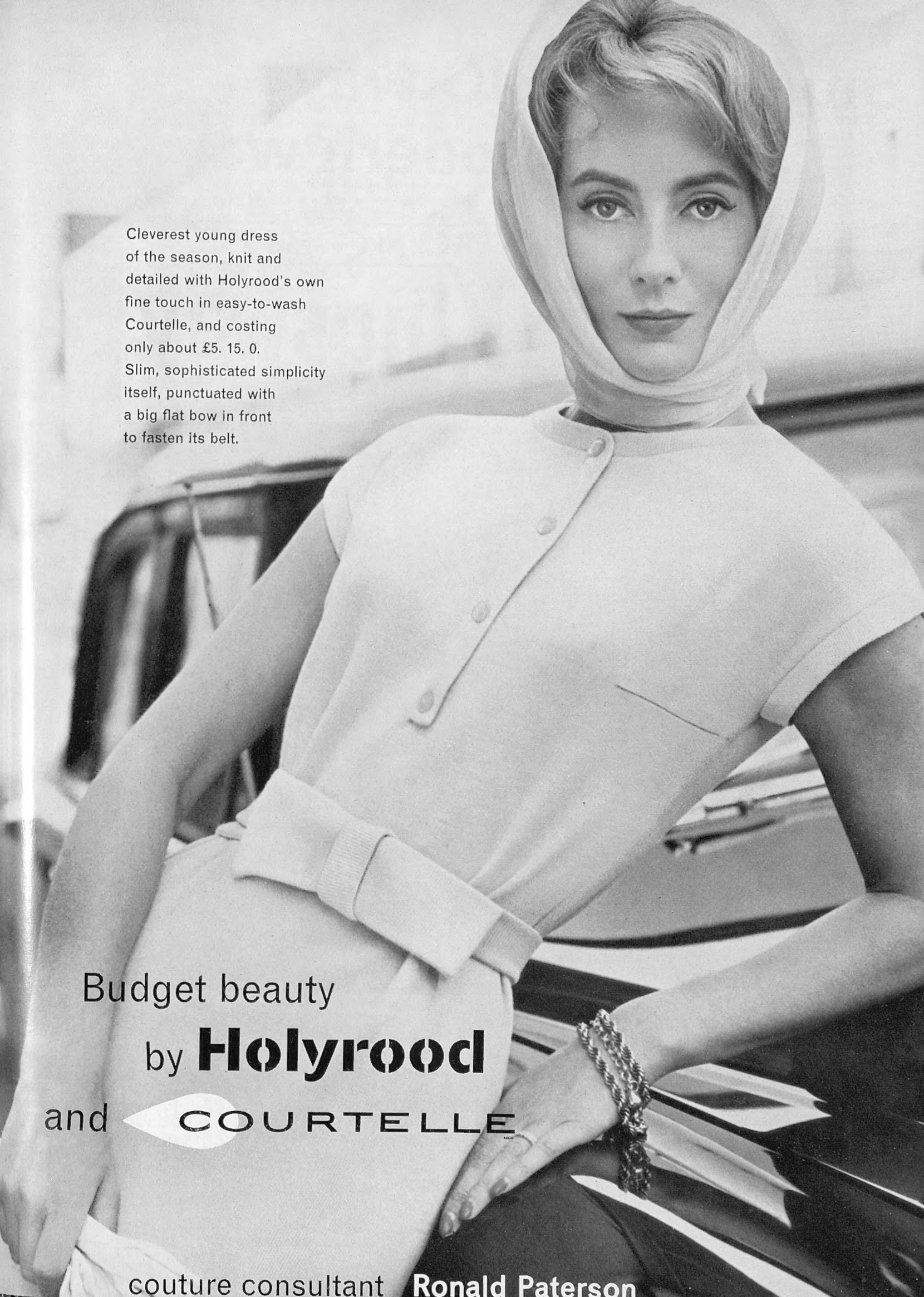
W.B. = Wise to book a table

The Dorchester, Park Lane. (MAY 8888). Restaurant C.S. Grill room open Sundays. Many internationally famous hotels are content to rest on their past reputations, but the Dorchester moves with the time and public taste. The grill room menu includes seven different oyster dishes, four ways of doing mussels, and four based on the admirable scallop, and the restaurant menu recognizes that even visiting film stars and millionaires like a roast rib of Scotch beef or a grilled herring. W.B.

The Shorthorn, Chelsea Cloisters, Sloane Avenue. (KNI 8608.) Open weekdays for luncheon and dinner to 11 p.m. Sundays 7 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. This restaurant (formerly Les Gourmets) provides first-class English cooking. The beef, obtained by co-operation with the British Beef Shorthorn Breeders, is excellent, and the chickens are plump birds, well cooked. The Welsh rarebit is good—and good Welsh rarebit is something still hard to come by in London.

Andreas, 8 Blacklands Terrace, just off King's Road. C.S. (KNI 2919). This is a smallish restaurant, simply furnished in the modern Greek style. The cooking is good, as is the quality of the meat and sauces. Wines include a reasonably priced Greek Samos. W.B. dinner.

continued on page 555



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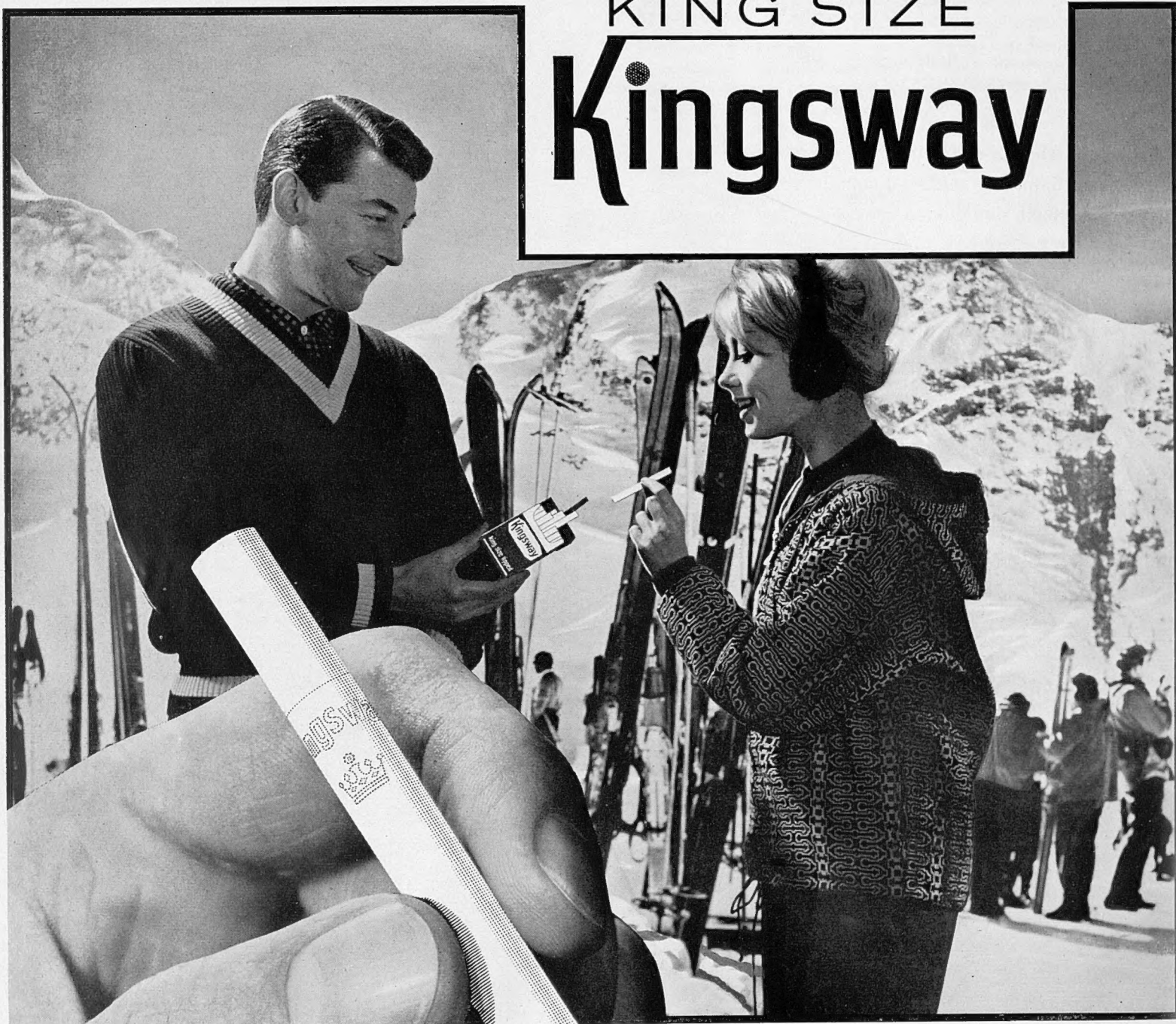
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Anne Bolt
Gibraltar's water catchments

GOING PLACES *cont.*

Gib as a base

by DOONE BEAL

Few places have the "everything" that the travel brochures promise, and Gibraltar does not pull the wool over customers' eyes with tales of long golden beaches. Yet it has something unique in itself (quite apart from B.E.A.'s bargain price flight—£32 6s. mid-week night return), plus access—easy, quick and cheap—to Tangier and North Africa, and to the Spanish coastline running either side of it. In contrast to these countries, themselves so vastly different in flavour, Gibraltar can assuage the nostalgia that can attack even the most veteran of travellers. The availability of gin and tonic, Alka Seltzer, properly brewed tea and a quite untemperamentary Englishness, is as a healing balm to people who want a respite from the rigours of southern Spain and the mysteries of Morocco.

First object in Gibraltar is undoubtedly the duty-free shops, whether one is stocking up on whisky, cigarettes and Kleenex for a trip into Spain, or concerned in the more serious business of buying a watch, a camera or one of those pocket transistor radios. The shops that line Main Street are crammed with every possible kind of merchandise, bazaar-like and without any regard for window dressing. But seek out Seruya, at 165, one of the best and most reliable jewellers where, also, you can buy scent.

The Establishment hotel remains the Rock. It has been newly decorated and is exceedingly comfortable, though the dining-room still reminds me of the set for *Separate Tables*. A useful second string, less luxurious but with extremely good food, is the Queens. Try their lobster thermidor or the prawn cocktail. You can eat Moorish food at the Continentale, and straightforwardly but well at Sombrero; dance at La Venta (part of Queens Hotel) and drink after dinner in an amusing fishnet-slung

cellar called the Barracle, where the barman is no mean guitarist.

I have said that Gibraltar's Englishness is untemperamentary, and the epitome of this is the Garrison Library, a restful and retrograde establishment of considerable charm. It is housed in a lovely 18th-century building, overlooking a paved garden full of magnolia and fig trees, and, technically a club (it was donated in perpetuity to serving officers), visitors who apply to the secretary are usually welcome.

I am a poor sightseer, and it was with slightly ill-humoured reluctance that I was led through the slippery tunnel in the Rock known as the Upper Galleries. These date back to 1782, when the Rock was besieged by combined French and Spanish forces. One Sergeant Ince suggested that it would be possible to tunnel through the rock to a projection on the north face, where guns could be mounted. The sight from here (now known as St. George's Gallery), as also that from the lookout at the extreme end of the tunnel, was worth the effort (his and mine, I mean). From here you can see the extremities of two continents and two oceans, with the sheer face of the formidable rock towering above and dropping sheer below.

You can hire any type or make of car in Gibraltar, average prices being £25 for one week, £35 for two weeks, with unlimited free mileage. Bland Shipping Lines run a daily service to Tangier, average size cars cost £9 return and passengers £2 14s. There is also a 15-minute flight, £4 return.

Spain is literally across the road from the frontier at La Linea. The only point to bear in mind is that you are restricted to three trips with car in three months, a tedious legacy from 1954. People who exceed their ration but still want to come back into Gib. (where, also, you must finally deposit the car) garage their car in Algeciras and cross on the half-hour ferry.

I shall write later of the Spanish coast, but one inland trip on no account to be missed is to the hill town of Ronda, high in the Sierras and a 3-hour drive from Gibraltar. It contains the oldest bull ring in Spain, with a Royal box which, as a budding matador of nine told me, "not even Franco is allowed to use." This most dramatic old town, straddling a deep gorge, was one of the last outposts of the Civil War. Another road to Ronda hits the coast at San Pedro Alcántara, near Marbella. It is ill-surfaced and you might have to leave the car in order to heave a rock out of the way, but it is one of the most spectacularly beautiful drives in Europe, with unfolding vistas of pines, waterfalls, red rock and yellow broom, over the great bowl of olive trees to the sea. Choose a good day, and on no account attempt the drive after dark.

by

henri



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Engagements

The Hon. Rosalie Hennessy to Mr. Peter Elwes. *She* is the daughter of Lord Windlesham and the late Lady Windlesham. *He* is the eldest son of Mr. Simon & the Hon. Mrs. Elwes, of Chester Row, S.W.1, and New York



Michael Dunne



Yevonde

Miss Diana Jean Dunn to Mr. Nigel Marsden. *She* is the elder daughter of Air Vice-Marshal & Mrs. Patrick Dunn, of Exeter House, S.W.15. *He* is the elder son of Sir John Marsden, Bt., & Lady Marsden, of Louth, Lincs



Miss Deborah Parker to Mr. Christopher Belton. *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Parker, of Killearn, Stirlingshire. *He* is the son of Mr. J. J. Belton, and of Mrs. P. M. Belton, of Port Hope, Canada



Vane

Miss Christine Tetley to Mr. Noel Page-Turner. *She* is the youngest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. F. Tetley, of Boston Spa, Yorkshire. *He* is the younger son of the late Mr. F. A. W. Page-Turner, and of Mrs. R. Strode



Yevonde

Miss Helen Edmonstone to Mr. Michael Gibbs. *She* is the daughter of Comdr. Edward & the Hon. Mrs. Edmonstone, of Lewes. *He* is the son of the late Capt. E. Gibbs, and Mrs. Pearce-Serocold, of Hartley Wintney

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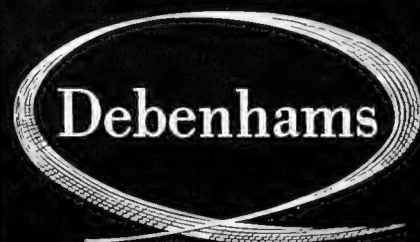


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23 March 1960



Godparents are so socially significant

FEW children are born with a silver spoon in their mouths. Most parents, however, take care to shove one in quickly by choosing the godparent most likely to succeed. They do this in the simplest possible way: by roping in a shining light in their own career. The chorus girl asks the leading lady, the rising young executive asks the chairman of the board, the soldier asks his colonel. And all of these are flattered, poor dupes—never realizing that a silver spoon and pusher are by no means going to be the end of it.

As godparents, their place in the parents' scheme of things can be briefly summarized:

1. They must cheerfully and reliably provide a gift on every suitable anniversary.

2. They must grant, without a questioning murmur, the use of their preferably well-known name to help slide the boy into his public school, and to help shoot him straight into a director's desk when he leaves it.

3. They must willingly allow him access to their large circle of acquaintances, from which to choose powerful friends and a pretty and rich wife.

4. On the religious side, they must attend his wedding, and very likely make a fulsome speech about his charm, modesty and nobility of character.

Brought face to face with these startling disadvantages you would think that anybody who gave the matter a moment's thought

CASE IN POINT: Princess Margaret was a god-mother at this month's christening of Katharine Margaret Lucy Seymour, daughter of Major Raymond & the Hon. Mrs. Seymour, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace

would turn down an invitation to be a god-parent out of hand. In fact the victim is usually hard put to it to refuse. First of all it is a compliment to be asked, and then there is always in the back of the mind the rather appealing fancy of being, in later years, described as "the man who most influenced my life."

This is why you need not fear a rebuff in approaching people who have only the minutest connection with you. What about that foreign countess the lower fourth thought so soppy because she wore silk vests and called lacrosse a bore? Wasn't she rather a friend of yours, now you come to think of

continued overleaf

Godparents

are so socially significant continued

CASE IN POINT: *Ex-King Simeon of Bulgaria was godfather to Prince Philip's great-niece, Princess Katarina of Yugoslavia, at this month's christening at St. Sava's Serbian Orthodox Church, Bayswater. The child is the daughter of Prince & Princess Tomislav of Yugoslavia*



it? Didn't you once give her a piece of your birthday cake? Warmed by the memory of your generosity you know she will *adore* to be godmother to your daughter—and, besides, her title will look well in *The Times*. Surely your husband, too, could dig up some now-prominent man whose life he made a misery when he was a fag?

Of course the danger of choosing these distinguished distant acquaintances is that they may have changed since schooldays. They may have become not only prominent social figures and prominent financiers, but prominent do-gooders as well. How will it affect them, you must ask yourself, to stand by the font holding the moist, outraged,

athletic bundle which is your newest pride and joy? Will they be the type to be daunted by their responsibilities yet determined to live up to them? Will they take to dropping in at the weekend to check up on Roger's Sunday-school attendances? Will they tend to offer at birthdays a book of sermons rather than a Meccano set? Will they not only give him a Prayer Book on the occasion of his Confirmation, but call to ask him searching questions on its contents?

This is not, naturally, the sort of person parents are looking for. What they want is a vague, forbidding shadow in the background, whom they can use as a handy example-giver and bogey-man. To have the godparent

visiting the home and revealing that he is a perfectly ordinary human being who doesn't always remember to wash his hands before tea will be ruin to "Uncle David doesn't like little girls who spit out their carrots" . . . "You never saw Uncle David with dirty fingernails when he was a little boy" . . . "Uncle David doesn't send birthday presents to children who swear."

It is easy to see that Uncle David may have to exert himself strenuously if he is not to be known as "Old Dreary Boots" in the nursery. Besides, his fellow godparents will be fierce rivals for the child's favour, because however unenthusiastic they were about the idea in the first place, most people like to be

THE QUEEN



is godparent to these children

Christopher Abel Smith (parents: Mr. & Mrs. Alexander Abel Smith)

Elizabeth Colville (Mr. John & Lady Margaret Colville)

Hon. George Herbert (Lord & Lady Porchester)

Guy Nevill (Lord & Lady Rupert Nevill)

Hon. Michael John Knatchbull (Lord & Lady Brabourne)

Sandra Butler (Maj. & Mrs. David Butler)

Victoria Rhodes (Mr. Denys & the Hon. Mrs. Rhodes)

Rosemary Elphinstone (the Rev. the Hon. Andrew & Mrs. Elphinstone)

Princess Frederica of Hanover (picture at right), daughter of Prince & Princess George of Hanover

Caroline Longman (Mr. Mark & Lady Elizabeth Longman)

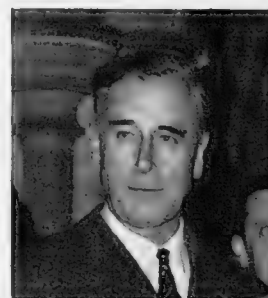
Lord Leveson (Earl & Countess Granville)

Viscount Lascelles (picture at right), son of the Earl & Countess of Harewood

David Hall (Mr. & Mrs. Roger Hall)

Edward Hay (Mr. Philip & Lady Margaret Hay)

Lady Virginia FitzRoy (Earl & Countess of Euston)



These are godparents to hers

(Godparents to the Prince of Wales)

Princess Margaret

Lady Brabourne (picture at right)

Hon. Sir David Bowes Lyon

The late King George VI, Queen Mary, King Haakon of Norway, Prince George of Greece and the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven

(Godparents to Princess Anne)

Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother

Princess Andrew of Greece

Princess Margarita of Hohenlohe-Langenburg

Earl Mountbatten of Burma (picture at right)

The Rev. the Hon. Andrew Elphinstone

able to say complacently: "Those children worship me, of course." So Uncle David will probably take the coward's way out and do his influence-gaining and friend-getting in the junior world by handing out bountiful supplies of money. This does little for the child's character, nothing at all for your bank balance, is not necessarily approved of by the parents, and (as anyone who has spent more than five consecutive seconds with a modern child knows) is pretty well the only method with any chance of success.

Once you have padded your way into favour with a stuffed piggy-bank, the child will occasionally listen to what you have to say (if only on the off-chance that those big

brown eyes gazing trustfully into yours will soften you up for a loan). This is your chance to spring in with your own special character-building phrases. Has he come home with a bad report? While his parents tell him that work brings its own rewards (and most intelligent children nowadays know that work simply brings a tax demand, anyway) *you* can score with "Schoolmasters are only schoolmasters because they haven't the brains to do anything else," or "No sense of humour—that's their trouble." Is it time to choose a birthday present? While his parents shop for constructive toys guaranteed to drive tiny minds and tiny hands into a frenzy of frustration while educationally

employed in banging blocks through a hole and then banging them back again, *you* can become Mr. Popularity in one easy swoop by supplying forbidden goodies like the Home Handyman's Inkball Kit, or the Louder-than-Life Stereophonic Trumpet.

Has he been caught smoking behind the greenhouse? While his parents tell cautionary tales along the lines of "People Who Smoke at 13 Never Grow Another Inch," *you* may gain yourself a reputation as exquisite wit and man of the world with: "Keep off cigarettes, old chap—no good for you. Take my tip and stick to cigars."

There are, of course, other ways of being the favourite godparent. You can take the child to the circus, the pantomime, the Schoolboys' Exhibition. These activities will send your stock up no end—but by the end of an afternoon during which you are in sole charge of somebody else's child you may no longer care about stock. Many a man after a session at Olympia rounded off by a noisy work-out on the dodgems has had reason to look back on, say, the Normandy landings or his last interview with his bank manager as a period of blissful tranquillity. Many a woman, having undergone the experience of chaperoning four children to the pantomime, has had reason to ask herself why the idea of visiting the cloakroom, so loudly and scornfully repudiated during the interval, should suddenly become a matter of such vital importance during the Principal Girl's principal song.

More dispiriting, though, is the thought that however hard you try, however many crisp notes you hand out, you may still be pipped on the popularity post. Your ungrateful godechild will look with deepest envy at his schoolfriend. *His* godfather eloped with an heiress and was in the newspapers five days running. *His* godmother is on a TV panel game. But then some chaps have all the luck.

MARY
MACPHERSON



P. C. Palmer

CHELTENHAM

*Gold Cup racegoers were glad
of the new heating in the stands*

BY MURIEL BOWEN

THE English were backing the Irish horses at the National Hunt Festival at Cheltenham, but many of the Irish were backing the **Queen Mother's** horses and just putting "a saver" on their own. "She looks all set to lead in a winner," they said to me as they eyed her saxe-blue coat and pretty head-hugging sky-blue hat. In Ireland when a woman owner looks her prettiest it means she's fairly sure of leading her horse into the winner's enclosure. The Queen Mother had no such luck, not this time.

The Cheltenham meeting is romping ahead. Bigger crowds than ever before (I've never seen so many City extroverts blossoming mid-week in tweeds) and better facilities for them. The biting nor'easter sweeping in off the hills has been softened by under-floor heating in the new stand. The car parks, too, are much better. Only the occasional car (including mine) had to be shoved this year.

Lord Willoughby de Broke, who says that running Cheltenham provides him with more headaches than all his other racing interests combined, was beaming broadly. "The weather has tried to wreck us so often in the past," he told me, "but with the new heating system and the better car parks I think we've beaten it."

Opposite: Lord & Lady Willoughby de Broke at their London house in Gilbert Street. In Warwickshire, where Lord Willoughby is Lord Lieutenant, they live at Kineton. Lord Willoughby is chairman of the Cheltenham Steeplechase Company and a member of the Jockey Club and the National Hunt Committee. The Willoughby de Brokes' daughter, the Hon. Susan Verney, is coming out this year

More improvements are on the way. A new members' luncheon room at the back of the club stand will eat up those tiresome queues. Within three years the new course is to be finished.

Lord Willoughby went on: "Then there's the car parking. It's become a hell of a scrimmage getting parking for the number of cars we get nowadays . . . in 1894 there was only the local gentry, a few hundred of them, who used to ride up in their carriages and park behind a couple of sheep hurdles." This year's Gold Cup was watched by a crowd of about 30,000, many of whom came by car of course. Some people still think it hopeless applying for club membership, but the waiting-list is now down to a month or two. A box, though (and boxes are the great rendezvous at Cheltenham) can take years.

Commented Lord Willoughby: "Boxes, blessed be! How I wish I had more of them. Some time ago we had 85 people on the waiting list, but 13 have been taken care of in the new stand. We'll have more boxes eventually . . . but after our work of the past year or so we may find ourselves like the old gentleman who has over-eaten at lunch, and then finds he's got to draw back again!"

Boxes at Cheltenham tend to consist of a house party embroidered round the edges with a sparkle of friends and horsey relations who drop in for a drink between races. The largest box party this year was the Queen Mother's. She had **Capt. Frank & Lady Avice Spicer**, who were entertaining her at Spy Park for the races, the **Duke & Duchess of Beaufort**, **Mr. Jock Whitney** (the

continued overleaf



Mr. J. Rogerson's Pas Seul, winner of the Cheltenham Gold Cup, is led in after the race, W. Rees up



The Queen Mother was at the meeting on the Wednesday and Thursday to watch her horses run



Sir Humphrey Clarke, Bt., Mme. Boucard and Col. John Packe-Drury-Lowe, of Locko Park

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

United States Ambassador) and **Lt.-Col. S. S. Hill-Dillon**, one of the best judges of potential steeplechasers in Ireland.

Lord & Lady Ismay had a gaggle of young people for their granddaughter, **Miss Patricia Evetts**, who is coming out this year, as well as their own friends. When I called on Mr. & Mrs. **Bassie Gibbey**, whose box has the best view of all, they were being joined for tea by **Lord & Lady Oaksey**, **Miss Diana Gibbey**, and Mr. & Mrs. **Derek Hague**. Mrs. Hague looked very chic in a three-quarter-length ocelot coat with floppy brimmed hat to match.

Mr. & Mrs. "**Ruby**" **Holland-Martin's** box has a large picture window overlooking the paddock—a wonderful protection on the cold first day. They had **Judge Wylie** staying with them for the races, and **Major Peter & Lady Elisabeth Oldfield**, the **Marchioness of Lansdowne**, and Mr. & the **Hon. Mrs. Mildmay-White** (whose gallant veteran Lochroe got a big cheer when he came in second in the Gold Cup).

Winning the big race was a tremendous and unexpected thrill for Mr. & Mrs. **John Rogerson**. "After **Pas Seul** fell at the last fence last year we didn't even dare to hope that he could pull it off this year," Mrs. Rogerson told me. With their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. **Timothy Nicolson**, they drove home to Sussex after the racing, stopping in Newbury for a small celebration dinner.

Others racing were the **Countess of Derby**, who flew in from Nassau a couple of hours before the Gold Cup, the **Duchess of Westminster** (recently back from a visit to South Africa), Mr. & Mrs. **William Cripps**, who had her sister **Miss Elizabeth Sturges-Jones** staying with them for the races, **Lord & Lady Sherborne**, the **Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie**, Mr. & Mrs. **Jack Bissill**, **Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn**, and Mrs. **Aubrey Brabazon**, over from Ireland.

As it was a mid-week meeting there was

only a sprinkling of young people. Those I did see included **Miss Anne Marsh**, who's the youngest woman on the Westminster City Council and who had driven down from her parents' home at Stourbridge, **Lord & Lady Hemphill** (he's Master of the Galway Blazers), **Miss Elizabeth Thompson**, and Mr. **T. D. Rootes**. Mr. Rootes brought one of his hunters down from the Warwickshire country for the Foxhunters' Chase.

HUSSARS HAVE A BALL

During the National Hunt Festival the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars held a ball at Chavenage, a lovely Elizabethan house near Tetbury which was lent by Mr. & Mrs. **David Lowsley-Williams**. About 300 people danced in uniforms and long dresses against a background of panelled walls and family portraits. **Col. M. F. Carter** told me that the ball is held about every three years. "In that way we can persuade somebody to lend us their home, and we don't have to put up in some awful hall."

Naturally there was more than a sprinkling of military, none looking more splendid than the officers of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars in their famous mess-dress of blue and buff. **Major Tony Holloway**, second-in-command to Col. Carter, was there with his wife, and others were **Lt.-Col. Tim Llewellyn Palmer** (he used to command the 7th Hussars), and **Major & Mrs. R. J. Beach**.

Capt. R. Coxwell-Rogers was in command of a house party of pretty girls and young officers of the 15th/19th The King's Hussars down from Durham on leave. The girls included **Miss Katharine Worsley** and **Miss Jean Aykroyd**. I also saw **Lt.-Col. Derek Mangnall**, who commands the Wilts Yeomanry, & Mrs. Mangnall, **Capt. John Trotter**, **Miss Caroline Vachell**, and **Miss Mona Mitchell**.

Country-house dances often end early

because of aching feet. But not this one. At 3 a.m. the band from the "400" was asked to continue for another hour. Secret of the enthusiasm was the fact that the Chavenage ballroom has a beautifully sprung dance floor.

It was such a jolly affair that an inevitable question was: when will the Hussars have their next ball? "It will be in two years," Col. Carter said. "And the next one will be at the weekend. A lot of people had to miss this one as they have to be in London mid-week."

It is the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars which provide the splendidly organized wireless network at the Badminton Horse Trials. It is done as a wireless exercise with the expenses borne by the British Horse Society. Over the years it has become one of the highly praised features in the organization of the trials.

ANTICIPATING AINTREE

Saturday will find steeplechasers converging on Liverpool for the Grand National. Indeed, the first National to be televised has already caused upheaval on the sporting scene. Dozens of sporting fixtures have switched to other dates, and most of the point-to-points due to be run on 26 March have changed their plans. Organizers were not prepared to face the risk of most of their patrons staying at home to watch the telly.

Who then is going to Aintree? Mr. **R. A. Butler**, the Home Secretary, will be there with his wife. They will go north on Friday, spend the night with the **Earl & Countess of Sefton**, and return to Essex after the big race. Mr. Butler will not be the only politician present. Last year's agitation over the fairness of the race has kindled interest, both for and against, among M.P.s. What was described to me as "an unusually large

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BRIGGS by Graham



Mrs. John C. Maxwell (right), whose husband is managing director of the Westbury, and Mr. Stanley Lister. Below: Miss Margot Maxwell, for whom her parents gave the party



Confirming the trend towards dancing at cocktail time Miss Margot Maxwell celebrated her 21st birthday at the Westbury with a

Cocktail Dance



Mr. Justice Thesiger, who has been a High Court judge since 1958



Miss Davina Dundas and Mr. David Inglefield



Mrs. Edward Dexter, whose husband is with the M.C.C. in the West Indies, and Mr. Anthony Wigram

PHOTOS : TOM HUSTLER

Right: Miss Priscilla Thwaites

Left: Complicated jiving by Miss Julia Chatterton and Mr. Jan Bailly



MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

number" of them have applied for admission to the County Stand.

With £40,000 in her pocket for the televising of the race I expected Mrs. **Mirabel Topham**, Aintree's formidable chairman, to be taking life a bit easier. But, when I telephoned her fine Nash house in Regent's Park (where she comes to "rest"), she said: "Call early in the morning. You'll find me up from six onwards!"

A couple of weeks ago while walking over part of the course at Aintree I realized what a headache the television must be for the B.B.C. There were steel-scaffolding towers for cameras at intervals round the course, and holes in the ground near the County Stand ready for the laying of the cables. A Test match only needs three cameras, but the Grand National will need 11 static ones round the course, plus one "roving eye" camera on wheels which will try to keep a little ahead of the horses.

Mrs. Topham (whose young life was spent on the stage) can never have guessed what she was letting herself in for when she married into the Topham family in 1922.

CLUBBABLE WOMEN

In London there have been a number of good small parties. Members of the American Women's Club had a tea party for Mrs. **Jock Whitney**, wife of the U.S. Ambassador, at their fine premises. It was lively and amusing. I always marvel at how easily American women club. "Of course it's the great thing with the men here," observed American-born Mrs. **A. J. Martin**. "But really my only quarrel with the women's clubs in England is that all the bridge players are so old. And deaf too, some of them." Mrs. Martin's late husband was British Consul-General at Shanghai at the beginning of the war.

Most of the guests were wives of American businessmen who live here; others, like **Lady Makins**, had married Englishmen. The room resounded with compliments. Even the weather was praised. "London is so very

mild," said Mrs. **Charles MacDaniel**. "In Chicago for much of the year we used to have to dig the snow from the door." As always when the Americans and the British meet there were the inevitable discussions about ancestry. Mrs. **Frank Dwiggins** said what thrilled her husband about coming here was the opportunity it would give him to look up the Scottish Dwigginses. "But when we got to Edinburgh there wasn't a single Dwiggins in the telephone book—I don't think he has ever gotten over it."

Mrs. **Van Tharp**, the club's lively chairman, talked of how the club is being built up, and the membership increased. "I want the club and its members to make a real impact on the life of this great city," she said amid cheers.

On the stairs I met a scurry of young wives. "Do you play bridge?" I asked. "The club has just started lessons," said one. "So one of these days . . . as soon as I can get a part-time nanny."

MUSICAL CENTURY

Sir John Wedgwood gave a party at 34 Wigmore Street for the 100th performance of the musical *Make Me An Offer* at the New Theatre. In a way it was the least he might do. The show is all about a young dealer in the early products of his family's firm. Rejects from the factory are scattered about the stage.

Sir John was recommending his latest cocktail—*vin rose* with a dash of brandy. "Just what I need after the children's party," said actress Miss **Adrienne Corri**. "As I left, the gardener was taking dollops of mud off the children's shoes—but I still think that children should be allowed to get dirty."

Mr. David Heneker, who grew up in India (where his father was a general), talked about his next show. With **Mr. Monty Norman** he's just finished the music of a revue by Europe's favourite American columnist, Art Buchwald. "It's about American tourists in Europe," he said. "Screamingly funny to us—but we don't know what the Americans will think yet."

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AINTREE PREPARES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL





Final touches (top) for Bechers Brook, which Mr. R. A. Butler will no doubt have his eye on when he attends to assess the charges of cruelty. Left: In the weighing-in room the scales are checked against the original iron weights, which are more than 100 years old. Mrs. Mirabel Topham (above), the owner and Mr. T. C. Bidwell, Clerk of the Course, come to inspect preparations. Below: A profusion of wires sprouts from one of the TV cables. Bottom: The loudspeaker system for the commentary is checked by the chief electrician



WHILE Cheltenham runs its Gold Cup, Aintree prepares for Saturday's Grand National. One of the biggest tasks this year has been to lay new TV cables, following Mrs. Topham's agreement with the B.B.C. to have the whole race televised. The stout fences have been rebuilt and thousands of tickets and badges have been prepared—

including 60,000 "fog" tickets for use if the race is postponed. At left, the winning post of the National course waits to be erected. Behind are Tattersalls, the glass-fronted private box from which the Royal Family usually watches, and the commentators' box, perched high. No fewer than 12 TV cameras will be used to track the big race



The morning after, some of the guests strolled in the snow-strewn streets of Stockholm. Right: Princess Margaretha of Sweden



ROYALTY *has a ball*



PRINCES and princesses from all over Europe converged on Stockholm for a ball given on 12 March by the King & Queen of Sweden. It was the biggest muster of international royalty in years. And most of the young royals belonged to dynasties that are still reigning. What was it all in aid of? The ball was described by court officials as just part of a weekend house party given in return for hospitality abroad. It certainly provided a memorable photograph: (front row, from left) Princess Margaretha of Sweden, Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands, Princess Sibylle of Sweden, the Queen of the Hellenes, the King & Queen of Sweden, Princess Astrid of Norway, Princess Alexandra of Kent, Princess Sophie of Greece; (middle row, from left) Crown Prince Harald of Norway, Princess Birgitta of Sweden, Princess Irene of the Netherlands, Princess Margrethe of Denmark, Princess Irene of Greece, Princess Desirée of Sweden, Princess Beatrix of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Prince Bertil of Sweden; (back row, from left) the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Prince Karl of Hesse, Prince Maximilian of Bavaria, Crown Prince Constantine of the Hellenes, ex-King Simeon of Bulgaria, the Duke of Kent, Prince Moritz of Hesse, Prince Ludwig of Baden, Prince Friedrich of Saxe-Coburg & Gotha, the Hereditary Count Hans Veit of Toerring-Jettenbach



Above: The Crown Prince of the Hellenes



Left: The Duke of Kent who was there with Princess Alexandra



Far left: The King & Queen of Sweden with (centre) the Queen of the Hellenes at the opera the Thursday before the house party



Under the bridges of . . .
L O N D O N

What goes on under the bridges of Paris is sufficiently well recorded. So far nobody has written a song about bridge life in London—you can't count *Underneath the Arches* or that old jingle about London Bridge, which anyway hasn't fallen down since 1281. Maybe the Thames is more prosaic than the Seine but London has 15 bridges—not counting railway crossings like Charing Cross (*above*) and the activity under some of them (*see overleaf*) is more varied than you'd think

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KEITH MONEY



Charing Cross

VICTORIAN MUSIC HALL finds a home at the Players' Theatre whose attractive entrance relieves the grimy brick façade of Charing Cross railway bridge. Peter Ridgeway founded his *Late Joys* there in 1936 in an arch once occupied by Evans's Supper Rooms and formerly owned by a Mr. Joy—hence the foxing title. Jimmy, the theatre club's respected cat, seen right in the wardrobe room, has recently been joined by Sylvia, a stage-struck friend who makes ill-timed entrances during most performances

CLANKING LITHO PRESS competes with the rumble of trains above as artist Feliks Topolski runs off copies of the *Chronicle* he issues to private subscribers. Saturday is press night for Topolski whose studio on the south side of Charing Cross is a brick arch that lies within the cultural shadow of the Royal Festival Hall



Under the bridges of...

LONDON *continued*



Waterloo

THE INSPIRED INSANITY of early Chaplin, the epics of Griffith, the *oeuvres* of Eisenstein flicker still in the tiny National Film Theatre nestling (*above*) in the snug gloom of an arch of Waterloo Bridge. The arches of the old bridge—inspired the Flanagan & Allen lyric, the subway of the new one (*right*) still attracts lovers or the occasional vagrant sheltering from wind and weather



Blackfriars

ECHOING AVENUES of bottles branch off among the arches beneath Blackfriars Bridge (*right*) part of the vast stock of wines stored there by Messrs. Hallgarten

London

DARK LABYRINTHS under London Bridge (*far right*) store furniture, cheeses, crocodile skins and yet more wine. The barrels shown contain homely sausage skins



Tower

MILITARY GLORY lingers (above) in the regimental reserve store of the Scots Guards beneath the north end of Tower Bridge where costumes and relics are restored and prepared for display. The painting is of a negro named Jean Baptiste who was a regular musician attached to the London Regiment in 1832. The 18th century custom of recruiting coloured musicians lapsed in early Victorian times and the last negro bandsman died in 1843

Diary of a long day

BY LORD KILBRACKEN

6 A.M. The devilish telephone invades my sleep which has lasted for five hours. I am twenty-three floors up, high above East River, in the box-like room of my New York hotel, the Beekman Tower, which, with my so-called "semi-private" bathroom, costs \$6.50 a night.

As in a hundred other box-like American rooms at 6 a.m., my day's "schedule" comes clicking into place in my head through the debris of last night's Martinis and Manhattans. My plane, I remember, will leave La Guardia at 7.55 for Rochester. Taxi to the Century Club; switch on charm, meet the ladies, speak for one hour, lunch with them, make conversation, switch off charm again; taxi back to the airport, fly to Buffalo, change planes, fly to Detroit. Change planes once more, and fly to Grand Rapids, where, at 8.53 p.m., my dear friends the McAllisters will meet what is left of me.

On the map, my day's journey looks like four little hops across one tiny corner of the United States. In fact, the distance involved is nearly 1,000 miles.

Struggling against fatigue, I dress, pack, shamle to the elevator, descend, pay my bill and, breakfastless, wait ten minutes for a taxi in deserted First Avenue. The ground temperature is 19 degrees and the snow, which has been falling for two hours, is rapidly getting heavier; visibility is a block and a half.

"Where to?" asks the cab-driver. "La Guardia? You think they're flying?"

I can only say I hope they are. No show, no fee; to earn my \$150, which is what this is all about, I have to be at the Century Club at 11.15. It's 300 miles away (though still in New York State) and it is now 6.40.

Half-an-hour's run. Then a half-mile walk through the dusty, concrete, subterranean alleys of La Guardia, lined with self-service Coca-Cola machines, to the American Air Lines counter. I enquire for my ticket which I booked through a reputable travel agency, and which they have since confirmed: New York to Grand Rapids via Rochester, then on

to Minneapolis via Milwaukee. This involves travelling with four separate companies—American, Mohawk, Capital, North Central—and the unfriendly "ticket-clerk" has to make half-a-dozen phone calls to check my reservations.

"You ain't booked on *any* of these flights," he tells me finally. "It'll be a plain miracle if you ever reach Minneapolis."

He admits he has space, however, on the plane to Rochester—if, he adds gleefully, it "goes," which is doubtful. A blizzard is sweeping across America; Washington has already closed down, Detroit is doubtful, and here at La Guardia the birds are walking. Pondering this, I walk a further half-mile to consume an orange juice, a plate of corn flakes, and two cups of the customary deathly-pale coffee, for 85 cents.

Detroit has closed down by the time my flight is called, and I am feeling like Saint-Exupery. We battle manfully through the blizzard to the four-engined DC-7C and arrange ourselves among the smiling air hostesses with studied nonchalance. Strange how everyone prefers the seats in the tail. At 7.55 we are poised at the end of the runway when a fault is detected in the de-icing system.

"I'm sure you'll agree we can't take risks *this* morning," the captain informs us, very accurately, in that confident, friendly way, as we taxi back to the terminal.

By 8.30 the de-icer is de-icing; we are airborne in a great flurry of snow at 8.35, enter cloud at 500 feet and stay there. The air hostesses come round with smiles and breakfasts—on days like this, I frequently have three or even four breakfasts—and I settle down with quite reckless feigned indifference to read *Swann's Way*.

After an hour in cloud, Upper New York State appears magically below us, flat and white and limitless; it has stopped snowing, and the ceiling is a comfortable thousand feet, and there are many sighs of relief. I reach the Century Club in good time, even though the cab-driver deposits me at the

wrong club, and I have three blocks to walk on frozen pavements to the right one.

By 2.30, I have been safely returned by the club president to the brassy Manger Hotel, which I have made my base, and learn that all flights have now been cancelled to everywhere. How can I continue? This is a complicated matter because one railroad company, the New York Central, connects Rochester with Detroit, and another, the Chesapeake and Ohio, serves Grand Rapids; the C. & O. have no office in Rochester, and the N.Y.C. are markedly reluctant even to admit their existence.


However, I learn that I must get to Buffalo, change trains, get to Detroit, spend the night there and go on next morning.

My train leaves at 3.51, reaches Buffalo at 5.5. Snow all the way. At 5.30, the Empire State Express pulls out on the 252-mile run to Detroit—five hours flat, despite eight stops.

I'm never perfectly certain where I am in America, and it comes as a surprise when two Canadian customs officers make their way through the train; virtually the whole trip will be through Canada, along the north shore of Lake Erie. But they do not examine baggage or even ask for passports; it's certainly the widest-open frontier of the 40-odd I've traversed.

We cross the swiftly-flowing Niagara River, where the ice-floes are hurrying towards the falls, only twenty miles distant, and I stroll to the "club car" for a bourbon Old Fashioned, to learn that no alcohol may be served in Canada. (Everyone else is doing fine, having ordered three or four "shots" before crossing the river.) I make do with a dinner of clam chowder, chicken casserole, chocolate sundae and coffee, which costs \$2.95.

At last, at 10.30, we hit Detroit. I find a taxi, a hotel (the Pick-Fort Shelby), a box-like room (\$5.50) and my long-delayed bourbon; at midnight, I tumble into bed. My train for Grand Rapids leaves in 8½ hours. But that's another day.



The Elegant Layabout

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID OLINS

There's a revolution in clothes for what could be the most restful but is probably the most demanding of feminine accomplishments—the art of just relaxing while retaining the bandbox look. Once it was enough to put on pared gold lamé pants and a shapeless sweater to qualify as an elegant layabout, but Continental women have set off a revival of turn-of-the-century femininity and the frothy déshabillé is back. The girl on the cover points the trend and Gaber of Rome continues it in this creation for the British Nylon Spinners, in which cascades of icing-sugar pink nylon frills edged with lace trim the light-bodied, full-skirted déshabillé of white nylon. Rayne's white satin mules cost 6 gns. and the hammock comes from Harrods (52s. 6d.). For additional elegance, a bamboo glass-top drink trolley from Peter Jones (16 gns.); wicker trug from Presents, Dover Street; portable Roberts radio from Derry & Toms (18 gns.)





The Elegant Layabout continued

High-buttoning, vaguely Victorian, this déshabillé in turquoise taffeta was specially made by Andrea Grenier of Paris for the British Nylon Spinners. White nylon lace is appliquéd around the yoke and down the front and is also used for the cuffs. An overlay of white nylon net falls from the yoke line and is continued to the back, forming a cloud-like effect over the taffeta. Rayne's mules in blue satin cost 6 gns. The polar bear skin comes from Liberty's, Regent Street. The carved ivory chessmen from an antique set at Mackett Beeson, Carnaby Street



Cyclamen pink nylon chiffon clouded with a layer of dove grey is used (opposite) by Elizabeth Hayes to make a diaphanous déshabillé with rows of tiny ruched frills that completely cover the sleeves and form a deep hemline. It can be bought at Woolland's, Knightsbridge; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham; Dingle's, Plymouth. Price 12 gns. Rayne's satin lace frilled mules, cost £3 13s. 6d.

The Elegant Layabout continued

Gaber of Rome made this hooded déshabillé for the British Nylon Spinners. Reminiscent of the cloaks worn in 18th-century Venice, it is made in shocking pink satin and has an enormously full back. Pinet's pink velvet and gold kid beaded mules cost 5 gns. The leopard skin rug is from Liberty's, the white telephone by Ericsson, Oriental coffee cup from Arts and Crafts of China, Baker Street, the score of Verdi's Macbeth from the Royal Opera House



White broderie anglaise is the obvious choice (opposite) for taking it easy in an English garden. The tiers, collars and cuffs of the déshabillé are edged with nylon frilling and to add an extra touch of femininity, shell pink nylon taffeta is used for the sash and boxes on the sleeves. It is lined with stiff white nylon taffeta mounted on net. By Angela Gore, price: 22 gns. at Woolland's, Knightsbridge; Dalys, Glasgow; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham. Pinet's pink satin mules cost 3 gns. From Peter Jones come the glass-topped bamboo trolley (16 gns.), the matching drinks tray (42s.), the lager glasses, and ice bucket and tongs. The circular Spanish rush mat is from Liberty's, Regent Street

The Elegant Layabout concluded

Pure gold thread woven into gossamer Eastern gauzes brought a touch of Eastern splendour to the Dior collection. From nearer home, at Fortnum & Mason, comes this lovely version of an Oriental déshabillé in celestial blue sari silk. The sleeves are almost entirely covered with real golden thread embroidery which is continued on the tie belt and the edging of the neckline. Rayne's gold embroidered satin mules cost 5 gns. The tiger skin came from Liberty's, Regent Street. The Turkish hookah from Dunhill's. Also from Fortnum & Mason, the box of Turkish Delight





THE current issue of Covent Garden's throw-away prospectus (known in the trade as "Old Moore's Almanack," after Charles Garrett Ponsonby Moore, 11th Earl of Drogheda, and 49-year-old chairman of the Board) is printed for the first time on shiny paper, and adorned with notes and pictures about forthcoming productions. Why this sudden opulence? It can (and should only) be because on 31 March the Royal Opera House is at last going to stage Verdi's early opera *Macbeth*—113 years after its première in Florence, and 99 years after it was first vainly scheduled for production at Covent Garden. Only the English theatrical superstition that it is unlucky to quote from Shakespeare's *Macbeth* can explain the delay in performing Verdi's opera in this country (its only professional production so far in England has been by Glyndebourne). After all, the work has been staged without noticeable incident or disaster in Dublin, Zagreb, Santiago, Mexico, Havana, Athens, Sydney and Constantinople in its time.

The opera that Covent Garden is presenting next week, however, is not by any means the same work as the one it first tried to put on in 1861. In 1865 Verdi revised, altered and added to his original *Macbeth* for a performance in Paris, and it is this revised version that is being heard in London for the first time. Alas, it will be without the ballet music, written to satisfy French operatic demands, but perhaps even our Royal Ballet might boggle at collaborating in a scene which demands: "Hecate indicates to the Witches that she understands why she has been summoned . . . that Macbeth is coming to ask about his destiny and that he must be told. If the Apparitions affect him too much, the spirits of the air must be evoked to bring him round again and give him renewed strength . . . but the ruin that awaits him must not be delayed." A simple and straightforward scenario perhaps—until you realize it is all intended to be conveyed in dumb show while spirits, devils and witches cavort around the familiar bubble-trouble cauldron. On the other hand, one will miss the charming waltz of witches that follows Hecate's exit and should have been well within the powers of the Royal Ballet. (Purists and pedants are sure to complain of a waltz for 11th-century

Scottish witches. But what else should they dance? A minuet?)

London may have taken a long time to stage Verdi's opera, but it played an early and important part in its original composition. The play by the dramatist Verdi called "Shaspeare" and "Shacpere" with engaging indifference was known to the composer to have been "continually played for 200 years" in London, and it was from London that he gleaned his ideas of staging and historical accuracy. "The period of Macbeth," wrote Verdi to the stage manager of the Pergola Theatre in Florence, when details of the production were first discussed in 1847, "is much later than the late Roman Empire." For anybody who may be horrified by this indication of Italian ignorance of Scottish history, may I recall that there have been performances in Boulogne during my lifetime of Donizetti's Scottish-set *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in which the chorus have worn kilts with their sporrans hanging down their backs. The Auld Alliance has survived stronger tests than this—but not many.

It was from London, too, that Verdi got the revolutionary idea of making the singer engaged for Banquo appear in person as his own silent ghost, instead of having a stand-in to save him the trouble after he had fulfilled the musical conditions of his contract. Not only did Verdi put a stop to any idea the bass had of being allowed to go home just because he had been murdered in the scene before, but he described in detail (which he had also learnt from London) how the ghost should look when he came up through the trap in the banquet scene—with wounds visible on his neck, his hair disarranged, and his spectral body draped in ashen-grey veiling. The scene of the Apparitions, too, was something Verdi had decided views on: that new and remarkable instrument, the magic lantern, would not only serve admirably to create new and remarkable dramatic effects, but would have the additional advantage of attracting the public to the theatre by its novelty (and so pay the cost of its installation).

Verdi's concern for the scenic and dramatic authenticity of his *Macbeth* was offset a little by his inflation of the Three Witches and the Three Murderers into complete

continued on page 582

Spike Hughes on

MACBETH TO MUSIC



REHEARSAL AT COVENT GARDEN: Michael Bentham (arms outstretched)
makes a point to Harold Turner, the choreographer. On the steps:
Macbeth, represented by Tilo Gobb's stand-in
PHOTOGRAPHS: LEWIS MORLEY

MACBETH TO MUSIC *continued*

choruses. The Witches became three sections of six voices each, and the Murderers an unspecified number of tenors and basses. Yet Verdi knew and loved his Shakespeare, for apart from *Macbeth* and toying at one time and another with the idea of making operas of *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *The Tempest* and *Antony & Cleopatra*, his two greatest works were both based on Shakespeare: *Otello*, written in 1887, when he was 73, and *Falstaff*, his last opera of all, which he wrote when he was 79. These two late masterpieces differ from the earlier Shakespearian essay in that little attempt is made to Italianize the original names of Shakespeare's characters. With *Otello*, of course, the characters had all borne Italian names in the original anyway; but in *Falstaff* most of the surnames, at any rate, are left as Shakespeare wrote them—Ford, Fenton, Mrs. Quickly, Mrs. Page. Only Bardolfo and Pistola are translated—and “pistol” was originally an Italian word.

In *Macbeth*, on the other hand, while the Shakespearian title was retained, the characters were translated wholesale as “Macbetto,” “Macduffo,” “Duncano,” “Banco,” “Fleanzio” and “Ecate,” and we hear tell of “la foresta di Birnamo.” Like several of Verdi's early operas, written when Italy was still under the tyranny of Austrian domination, *Macbeth* contained music and situations which roused Italian audiences to fierce patriotic demonstration, and there is no doubt that the word “*patria*” sung by Italianized Scots was just that more stirring and likely to spark off an anti-Austrian uproar. Verdi's music in those days has been aptly described as “agitator's music,” and *Macbeth* contained its fair quota of inflammable material.

A classic series of nightly demonstrations was stimulated by a production of the opera



In the paintroom, the battlements and castle wall are prepared

in Venice. A Spanish tenor, singing the part of the character now two stages removed from Shakespeare's original and known on this occasion as “Macdubbo,” so moved the audience of the Fenice Theatre with his rousing scene beginning “*La patria tradita...*” (“Our country, betrayed, invites us to weep; Brothers, let us hasten to save the oppressed...”) that the Austrian military, with fixed bayonets, had to be called in every night and stationed all over the auditorium to keep order.

There were few operas during this period of Italian history (or indeed until the liberation of the country in 1860) that did not suffer humiliating correction by the Censorship—Papal, Austrian, or just plain interferingly bureaucratic. *Macbeth*, surprisingly, seems to have escaped censorship altogether in Italy—but it apparently worried the Russians. The first production of the opera in St. Petersburg in 1854 was in an Italian version carefully retitled *Sivardo il Sassone*—or “Siward the Saxon.” Remember the Siwards? There are two of them in Shakespeare's play. Old Siward has a total of 30 incomplete lines of verse, all told in Scenes 4, 6, and 7 of the fifth and final act, when he asks questions to keep the audience in the picture about what has happened off stage. His son, Young Siward, has seven lines in Act V, Scene 7, fights with Macbeth and is slain. Neither character appears, or is even mentioned, in Verdi's opera, and both could be omitted from Shakespeare's play and no harm done. The only explanation I can think of for the Russian censor's action (for only a censor could ever have conceived any-

thing so pointless and bewildering) is that it distracted attention, in a shaky monarchy, from a piece called after a regicide. But that still doesn't explain what Old (or Young) Siward was given to sing in the opera, where he sang it, what words he sang to it—or particularly, who wrote the music for it.

It mustn't be thought, however, that the only merit to be found in *Macbeth* is its nuisance value to Imperial Russia or its power as a rabble-rouser among Verdi's oppressed fellow-countrymen in the troubled times of the 1840s. It is a work ranging from the fairly ridiculous to the nearly sublime, from the laughable town-band music that accompanies “Duncano” on his only (and silent) appearance in the opera and the wonderfully cheerful music sung by the chorus of Murderers, to the intensely dramatic duets between the Macbeths, the moving chorus of the Scots in exile, and Lady Macbeth's two big arias—“*La luce langue*” in Act II and the sleepwalking scene, the “*Gran Scena di Sonnambulismo*.” It is not Verdi at his greatest, but it is certainly Verdi at his most typical—as the young composer of 33 who introduced an arresting and original dramatic element into opera, and as the composer who revised his early work 21 years later. It shows so unmistak-



A scenery design by Georges Wakhevitch is shown by Heather Homewood

ably the way that was to lead to *Otello* and *Falstaff*, and proves it was no idle boast that made him proclaim when he wrote *Macbeth*, that “Shacpere” was one of his “very special poets; I have had him in my hands from my earliest youth and I read and re-read him continually.”

Certainly no other composer could ever have come nearer to expressing the peculiar gloom and horror of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.



Macbeth's crown is measured for height. Behind, some of the shields

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

A long look at legs

THE short skirt and this year's disappearing sleeve will put legs and arms on show this summer. And you aren't entirely stuck with the ones you've got. Treatments can alter shape and texture. Shape first: one formula to try is Elizabeth Arden's passive reducing. All you do is relax while a physiotherapist gives electrical treatment, followed by massage. Really solid thigh-level fat often finds its melting-point during a session on the roller. Passive reducing can be coupled with lessons by Adele, the exercise instructress, who sets her firming exercises to music and gears them to special problems. Ring Mayfair 8211 if you want a free consultation.

Another system for shape is The Beauty Clinic's *Traxator*—a stern name for what could be the spot-reducers' best friend. Again, all you are expected to do is sit back while the apparatus massages and tones. (Phone: Welbeck 3405.)

Treatments at home could be five minutes spent each night bicycling in the air with hips at a sharp right angle, or seconds spent spinning a pointing foot round in clockwise, then anti-clockwise circles (good for narrowing ankles). Over-padded knees and thighs may respond to pinching and pummelling under water. Or try holding feet and ankles under the cold tap for trim ankles.

Massage is good and the professional variety is best. For those who can't spare the time, something can be done by the dedicated use of gadgets. A few weeks with the Danish *Grand Massette* roller might do the trick. Suspended between two handles are three spikey segments which are gently but firmly rolled over tissue. Price: 35s. *Beautybells* are ringing a change in the slimming scene. Used enthusiastically, these lighter versions of dumb-bells will trim unwanted inches. (39s. 6d., roller and bells from Marshall & Snelgrove, London.) The Chinese-style Tche-Hao disc holds nine balls which spin over the skin. Designed to be used gently, over-energetic massage may result in bruises rather than disappearing inches. (£3 15s. from Roberts of New Bond Street.)

Manners Italiana ankle-reducing cream, used regularly, should help to break down over-large ankles. Their reducing cream for the body can be used to equal effect, they say, on thighs. Write or make an appointment to visit the Manners Beauty Centre at 51 Grosvenor Street. (Phone: Mayfair 7543.)

A groomed texture comes with nourishing. Bomai cream's claim to fame is that it "makes legs beautiful." Ingredients are *Placentubex* (skin-tightener) plus Pascin-chestnut juice (stimulates circulation) and regular use will result in a smoother and suppler skin. (17s. 6d. from Marshall & Snelgrove, London.)

Guerlain's *Crème Hydratante* moisturizing cream can be put to good use on legs, heels and elbows. Comes in *Ode, No. 90, L'Heure Bleue, Vol de Nuit* or *Mitsouko*. Legs also like the occasional pamper of a mask for tightening and improving skin texture. And hand cream can be used to effect on legs that have been dried up by winter weather.

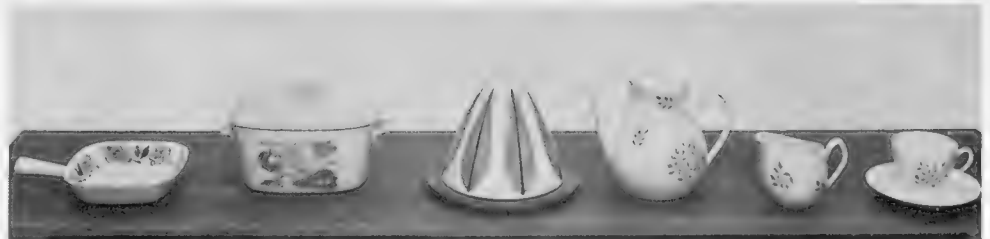
IS THERE AN ENGLISH STYLE? *In every pair of pictures on*

MID-20TH-CENTURY Scandinavian is a style that every design fancier feels confident of recognizing. But what about mid-20th-century British? Does it exist at all—or are we still resolutely looking rearwards, as suggested by the choice of a Georgian house for the centrepiece of the 1960 Ideal Home Exhibition? The pictures here, selected to show modern British design at its best, may indicate an answer. Better still, comparisons of complete rooms can be made at an exhibition opening tomorrow at Heal's (part of their 150th anniversary celebrations).

The trouble with exhibitions, though, is that they do tend to show the bright side. For a more typical sample, the high-street shop windows give a better idea—and that can be depressing. Contemporary design is certainly gaining an ever-stronger foothold there, but much of it is content only to exploit contemporary gimmicks, like two-tone woods and brass feet. Still, now at last the demand for articles of good contemporary design is fast expanding, as may be seen from the fine stocks of Swedish and Finnish goods now displayed in leading West End stores. Already a Charles Eames chair, an Aalto table, or a set of Fornasetti crockery gives its owner a social lift on a par with an Adam fireplace or a Sheraton bureau. To store up similar treasures for the future, seek out designs by Robin Day, John & Sylvia Reid, Nigel Waters and any of the British designers whose work is shown here.

Ilse Gray

On this page all the B's are English. **China, A:** Swedish individual dish, casserole, cheesedish, teapot, milk jug, cup and saucer, all from the Rorstrand range imported by J. Wuidart (obtainable at leading stores); **B:** Denby "Eclipse" eared dish and "Gourmet" stewpot, Bath Pottery cheesedish from Heal's, Wedgwood "Ice Rose" teapot, milk jug, cup and saucer. **Tableware, A:** Finnish "Lion" cutlery and "Killa" cruet set from Finnish Designs Ltd., Finland House, Haymarket; **B:** George Butler cutlery from Woollands, Denby "Gourmet" cruet set. **Saucepans, A:** Norwegian copper-bottom frying pan, covered saucepan, milk saucepan, and double boiler from Heal's; **B:** Prestige stainless steel copper-bottom milk saucepan, steamer, 5-quart casserole and egg poacher with lid, available at leading stores.



A



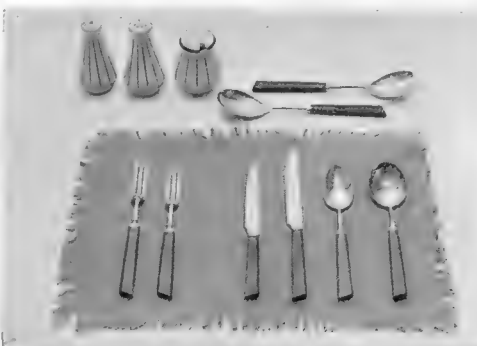
B

CHINA

TABLEWARE



A



B



A



B

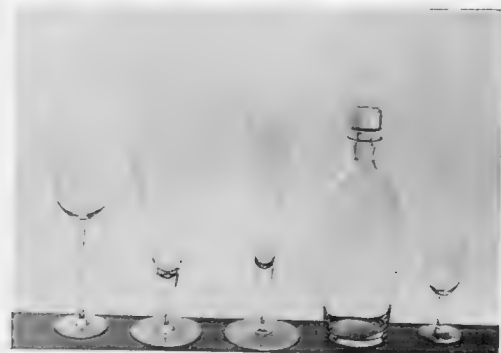
SAUCEPANS

ows British designs, the other foreign. Can you tell which?



A

B



GLASS



FURNITURE

A B



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRISCILLA CONRAN

A B

KITCHENWARE



On this page all the A's are English. **Furniture, A:** Chair and table by Terence Conran, standard lamp from Woollands, Lucienne Day fabric from Heal's, Lemington glass vase; **B:** Danish table and Jacobsen "Swan" chair from Finmar, lamp and milk glass vase from Danasco, fabric from Anne Storm Ltd. **Kitchenware, A:** Cornishware mixing bowl, rolling-pin and flour jar from Harrods, new-design Kenwood mixer, Sanderson's wallpaper by Emmet; **B:** All German, the mixing bowl, rolling-pin and flour jar from Heal's, Braun mixer from Harrods, Sanderson's wallpaper. **Glass, A:** Two-coloured Lemington glasses, Brierly sherry decanter and sherry glass, Whitefriars claret glass; **B:** Three thin-stemmed Austrian glasses by Lobmeyr, Dutch decanter and sherry glass by Leerdam, all five from Woollands



Point -to- Pointers

Two new thoughts from Wetherall of Regent Street, the corduroy suit (*opposite page*) and the hunting red skirt and waistcoat will brighten the outlook for point-to-point meetings, field events or the Flat. The tough hard-wearing corduroy with an inverted black pleat in the skirt is a specially good bet for country wear. This snuff-coloured suit with the ubiquitous "Chanel-type" straight jacket edged with braid is worn with a Paisley design Paicil short-sleeved blouse in tuning colours. The suit costs £17 6s. 6d. and the blouse £2 12s. 6d. For a vivid splash of colour choose the skirt and its matching brass-buttoned waistcoat. The skirt is in heavy wool and has a back kick-pleat for easy walking. Worn with them—a short-sleeved lawn blouse (£5 15s. 6d.) and a scarlet-corded Hermes scarf emblazoned with the arms of Monaco (£6 16s. 6d.). The skirt costs £8 18s. 6d. and the waistcoat £7 17s. 6d.



Point-to-pointers

continued by

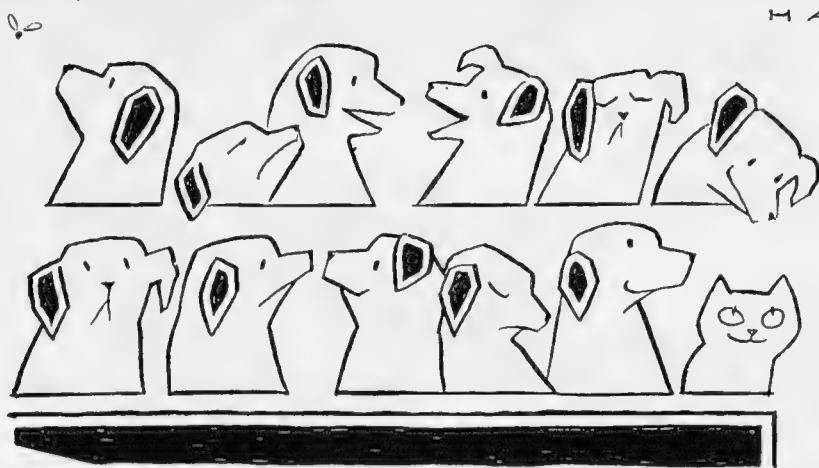
COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN



On one door hangs a fawn pure wool horse blanket striped in navy and scarlet; on the other is a leather point-to-point bridle with rubber "grip" reins and stainless steel snaffle. Horse blankets cost from £5 10s.; snaffle: £9 10s. Both from Champion & Wilton, 36 North Audley Street, W.1. Well-equipped picnic case for four holds two vacuum flasks, ice jar and sandwich boxes. One of the latest designs from Coracle, it is covered with washable blue Rexine, and costs 16 gns. from Swaine, Adeney & Brigg, who also have the ultra-light shooting stick. This has a pigskin seat, strong stem and all the metal parts are rustproof: £6 3s. 6d. Balanced on one of the three wooden buckets, strapped with black painted hoops, is a reversed hide point-to-point saddle. The price: £28 10s. includes stirrups, stirrup leathers, girth and surcingle. The buckets can either be plain oak (50s.), varnished or painted in customers' own colours (70s.). All from Champion & Wilton. Pure silk scarf *Brides de Gala*—a harness design in clear greens and gold—is by Hermès. It costs £6 16s. 6d. at Wetherall. Generous pigskin covered hip flask: 57s. (in smaller sizes from 50s.), from The Kenbarry, William Street, Knightsbridge. They can initial flasks under half a day. Pale hogs skin gloves, black-stitched, cost £2 12s. 6d. from Swaine, Adeney & Brigg. Light and flexible tan suède shoes by Holmes, are bound with leather and have crêpe soles. Price: 69s. 11d. from Dickins & Jones and W. G. Bodiley, Northampton. Dark green shoe, half buried in the straw, has a linked horseshoe trim, low stacked heel. £5 15s. 6d. from Wetherall. Plaited nylon covered whip: 3 gns., from Champion & Wilton. Toffee-coloured calf handbag is lined with leather and costs 27 gns. from a collection of Continental bags at Harvey Nichols. Finally, a superb pair of racing binoculars which fit into a stitched leather case: £20 complete. From Negretti & Zambra, 122 Regent Street, London, W.1



H A R O



VERDICTS

- The play** **A Majority Of One.** Phoenix Theatre. (Robert Morley, Molly Picon.)
- The films** **The Angry Silence.** Director Guy Green. (Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli, Michael Craig, Bernard Lee.) **Let's Get Married.** Director Peter Graham Scott. (Anthony Newley, Anne Aubrey, Hermione Baddeley.) **Bottoms Up.** Director Mario Zampi. (Jimmy Edwards, Arthur Howard, Martita Hunt.) **Marie Octobre.** Director Julien Duvivier. (Danielle Darrieux, Paul Meurisse, Serge Reggiani.) **The Running, Jumping & Standing Still Film.** Director Dick Lester. (Spike Milligan, Peter Sellers, Mario Fabrizi.)
- The books** **The Anger of Achilles.** Tr. Robert Graves (Cassell, 30s.) **Dictionary of Rhyming Slang,** by Julian Franklyn (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 21s.) **Joy Ride,** by Dwight Taylor (Gollancz, 21s.)

- Pursuit Of The Prodigal,** by Louis Auchinloss (Gollancz, 16s.) **Within & Without,** by John Harvey (Faber, 15s.) **Something In Common,** by Mary Cecil (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.) **Best Black Magic Stories,** ed. John Keir Cross (Faber, 16s.) **New Penguins** (2s. 6d. each.) **Rip Van Winkle,** by Washington Irving (Heinemann, 30s.)

- The records** **Flute fraternity,** by Herbie Mann & Buddy Collette. **Bags & flutes,** by Milt Jackson. **Benny Goodman Treasure Chest.** **All the Cats Join In For A Goodman Party.** **Modern Jazz Hall Of Fame.**

- The galleries** **Diploma & Other Works.** Royal Academy. **The Horse.** Wildenstein Gallery. **Peter Blake & Roddy Maude-Roxby.** Portal Gallery. **Dominic Gnoli.** Arthur Jeffress Gallery.



Charm turns the trick

IT IS WONDERFUL HOW SIMPLE THE world can be made to look when theatrical charm really gets to work on us. East and West, contrary to the sad belief of such observers as Kipling and Mr. E. M. Forster, are seen to be pleasingly compatible. An international commercial negotiation which has run hopelessly aground requires only a sensible word from a warm-hearted homely Jewish momma to be lifted triumphantly into harbour.

The latest instance of this appeasing art is *A Majority of One*, an American comedy in the second

year of its Broadway run. It is at the Phoenix with the leading parts played by Miss Molly Picon, a Jewish actress of remarkably buoyant amiability, and Mr. Robert Morley, who represses his natural ebullience within the formality of manner proper to a gentleman of Japan who brings a civilized mind to the conduct of big business.

The success of this piece on Broadway is easy to understand. It quite daringly links Brooklyn to Japan, a country which in the nature of things appeals more to American than to European curiosity. It is also a warmly sentimental tribute, rather in the manner of *Abie's Irish Rose*, to that revered figure, the American Jewish momma who devotes herself with humorous intensity to an adored and adoring family.

The credit for its success here (if it catches on) will rightly belong, not to the play itself, which is singularly ill-constructed, but to Miss Picon and Mr. Morley. These engaging players make light of the story's evasions and naiveties and between them contrive to create the necessary fairy story atmosphere.

A whole scene is wasted establishing that the amiable middle-aged widow who is to accompany her daughter and son-in-law to Tokyo feels bitterly against the Japanese. She has lost a son fighting against them, and she may be an embarrassment to her son-in-law

who has been appointed Economic Attaché to the embassy in Japan. But she is soon on domino-playing terms with the distinguished Japanese businessman she meets on the boat, and their gentle courtship would almost certainly end in a proposal of marriage if the brash son did not really suspect that the calculating businessman was behind the courteous lover.

Sadly, Momma breaks off her romantic friendship, and the sensitive Mr. Asano is affronted. The rest of the story scarcely needs telling. At Tokyo the important Mr. Asano's hostility to the newly

appointed Economic Attaché is marked and the young man's exacting chief sees that no progress is likely to be made at the conference so long as he continues to be present. This is a cruel blow to his professional prospects and Momma is desolated. But she has only to go round to the great man's house to straighten everything up.

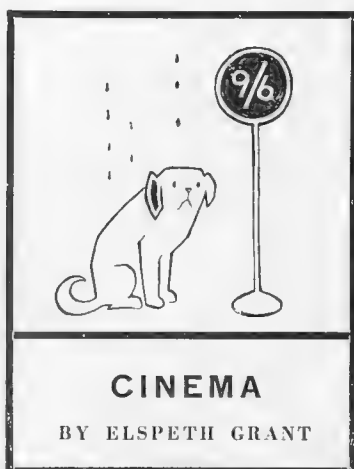
This is the big scene of the play, with Mr. Morley in a kimono paying all the dues of hospitality to his honoured guest, the Bronx Jewess amiably and wonderingly learning how to squat on her haunches in a *continued overleaf*



MODEL FOR A MIKADO. Left: With the help of his servant (Joyce Wong) ceremonial robes transform Mr. Asano (Robert Morley) into an impressive Oriental host, in *A Majority Of One*. Right: With his daughter (Chin Yu) he shows Mrs. Jacoby (Molly Picon) how to drink hot rice wine

kimono, how to walk in crippling Japanese shoes and how to drink rice wine. While her stuffy children, anxious about her whereabouts, are having a wholly unnecessary scene with a farcical policeman, Momma is already on her way home with the economic conference as good as settled and the hand and heart of her courteous host hers in the way of honourable marriage.

The fairy story has, I suppose, a moral, but it scarcely bears looking into. Warm humanity can be trusted to melt all differences of creed and all economic complexities, and only the mature have sufficient experience to know what they are talking about. But on the stage the piece has a certain theatrical charm and since Miss Picon & Mr. Morley succeed in embodying it, nothing more, I am sure, is needed.



Here, stop that, it hurts

I SHALL BE VERY MUCH SURPRISED if *The Angry Silence* does not provoke a furious outcry among staunch trade unionists. A brand new production company, Beaver Films, has had the courage to tackle in deadly earnest the subject turned to laughter by the shrewdly

jesting Boulting Brothers in *I'm All Right, Jack*—the cause and effect of an unofficial strike.

Mr. Bryan Forbes has written an excellent script (based on an original story by Messrs. Michael Craig and Richard Gregson), Mr. Richard Attenborough, who co-produced with him, gives a superb performance in the leading role, and Mr. Guy Green has made a remarkably fine job of the direction—with the result that the film carries tremendous conviction. There are bound to be those who protest that the story is not true, that things could not be as bad as all this: I can only say I am persuaded that they well may be.

A new man (Mr. Alfred Burke) is taken on at the Martindale factory. The colour of his politics is not indicated in the script—but it is made clear that he is a professional trouble-maker, under orders from some organization interested in disrupting British industry. Before long he has the shop-steward (Mr. Bernard Lee) calling an unofficial strike on grounds that scarcely bear examination.

While the majority of the workers, who neither know nor care what the strike is all about, come out like sheep, a dozen men elect to carry on working. The teddy-boy element among the factory hands seizes the opportunity for a show of vicious hooliganism—and the non-strikers are intimidated into submission. All but one man—Mr. Richard Attenborough—who obstinately maintains that "if people can't be different, then there's no point to anything."

When the strike is over, Mr. Attenborough is sent to Coventry: he endures this humiliation stoically until he finds his small son is also being victimized. His outburst then leads to a demand for his dismissal—which is refused—and another wild-cat strike: this time Mr. Attenborough is beaten up by the teddy-boys—so badly that he loses an eye. This beastliness shocks the strikers into a change of

heart (the one thing in the film I cannot quite believe)—and Mr. Burke, the root of all the trouble, departs as unobtrusively as he arrived.

Signorina Pier Angeli gives a most beautiful and moving performance as Mr. Attenborough's Italian wife. Mr. Laurence Naismith is splendid as the irascible and dislikable factory-owner, Mr. Geoffrey Keen is admirable as the upright works manager—and Mr. Michael Craig presents a lifelike study of the good-time young man who discovers you cannot with any comfort sit on the fence indefinitely. Indeed, the acting throughout is of the highest standard. Here is—whether you like it or not—an exceptionally fine piece of film-making.

For a curious and rather unpalatable mixture, commend me to *Let's Get Married*—in which Mr. Anthony Newley, as a nervous student doctor turned (for some doubtless sound reason) laundry delivery-man, weds a model girl (Miss Anne Aubrey) to give the child she is having by somebody else a name. From time to time Mr. Newley (who is obviously as mad about his voice as Mr. Norman Wisdom is about *his*) bursts into song. The fragrant story is further interrupted by explosions of comedy (for which Messrs. Bernie Winters and Lionel Jeffries and Miss Hermione Baddeley are responsible), but even that can hardly account for its ending in the most dubious taste—with Mr. Newley assisting at the birth of Miss Aubrey's baby, on the bottom of a laundry-van stalled in a ploughed field, while the R.A.F. (yes, that's what I said) hurries to the scene by road and air. Whoever thought up *this* one should take a long, long holiday.

Mlle. Danielle Darrieux is always interesting, but even for her I don't really want to see another film about a cosy house-party at which ex-members of the French Resistance are gathered together to

identify the villain—one of those present—who betrayed and bumped off their noble leader 15 years before. *Marie Octobre* is, apart from its idiotically melodramatic final scene, not a bad specimen of the genre—but I feel there have been too many for this to excite me.

Bottoms Up is about a seedy boys' school presided over by Professor Jimmy Edwards, who rampages through it bellowing like a bad-tempered bull and brandishing a cane with which he enthusiastically wallops the backsides of his

continued on page 592



ONE MAN'S BATTLE. Top: *Tension increases between Tom and his wife Anna* (Richard Attenborough & Pier Angeli) in *The Angry Silence*. Above: *Police clear a way for Tom as he struggles to get to the factory through a crowd of angry strikers*



BEGIN YOUR LANCÔME CARE YOUNG
...TO REMAIN VERY LOVELY

FRAICHEUR with water, will cleanse
and clear.

NUTRIX ensures your skin beauty

HARMONIE for a daytime magnolia
finish to your skin

LANCÔME

81° in the shade

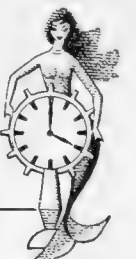


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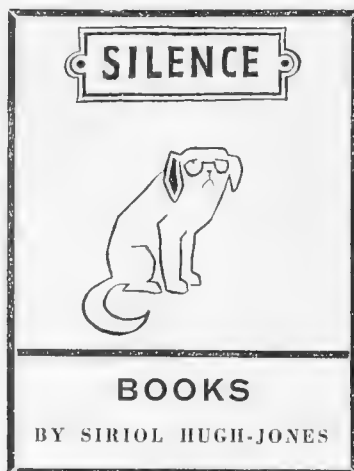
She sails on her maiden voyage from Southampton on August 18th, the great (38,000 tons) new flagship of the sunshine fleet. In addition to the luxuries of two deck swimming pools, gymnasium, sun-tanning and games space, the Windsor Castle has a Health Spa, for baths, massage and hydro-therapy. For tired tycoons and Super-fitness-worshippers.

VERDICTS *continued*

little pupils. To heighten the school's prestige he pretends that an Eastern princeling, reputed to be seeking an English education, has enrolled at his establishment: the boy is in fact his bookie's son. Enter the real prince and. . . Oh, well! I don't think it really matters.

The only surprising thing about the film is that the Professor is supported in his larks by a genuinely distinguished cast, which includes the magnificent Miss Martita Hunt and Messrs. Arthur Howard, Raymond Huntley, Reginald Beckwith and Sidney Tallor. I wonder if the poor dears knew what they were in for?

I regret to say that the much-boasted piece of Goonery, *The Running, Jumping And Standing Still Film* struck me as so abstract that it has positively no *raison d'être* whatsoever. Maybe this jaundiced view is merely a reflection of its sepia colouring.



Mr. Searle plays truant from Troy

THE BEST BOOK OF THE WEEK FOR me is hardly new, though it appears in a new, smart shape. Robert Graves, a man singularly undaunted by enormous tasks, has made a strong, simple, brisk translation of Homer's Iliad, here called *The Anger Of Achilles*, done into prose with brief excursions into rather jolly no-nonsense verse for the important bits such as prayers to the gods.

This energetic, action-crammed narrative is just the thing to take in large doses during post-flu depression, even though it carries with it one enormous disappointment: the American edition was liberally decorated with specially commissioned drawings by Ronald Searle, a notion in itself so endearing that I am wholly baffled to know why English readers could not benefit by the Homer-Graves-Searle alliance

also. All that is left is a fierce warrior on the jacket, which is just enough to make one even crosser about all the drawings we weren't allowed to see.

Since Mr. Frank Norman's arrival in literary circles, we have all become aware of the vital contemporary importance of rhyming slang. Lest you should still be unsure of the precise meaning of Rosy Loader, Madam de Luce, Oscar Asche and Vera Lynn, Routledge & Kegan Paul have published an enchanting *Dictionary Of Rhyming Slang* by Julian Franklin, who has produced a book at once scholarly and suitably spry and irrepressible. He provides a history of the mysteries of this strange and pirate tongue, and this book and Mr. Eric Partridge's *Dictionary Of The Underworld* are by now to some degree essential background reading for the conscientious student of one stream of contemporary literature.

Dwight Taylor is the son of the great actress Laurette Taylor. His book *Joy Ride* is a series of light, mildly entertaining sketches about his life and the people in it. I feel it might have been better to read in the pages of a magazine—inside hard covers it seems a little frail and ephemeral.

Pursuit Of The Prodigal by Louis Auchinloss is yet another run-around with the unhappily married, tradition-bound classy Americans and sharp journalists who are Mr. Auchinloss's speciality. It is perfectly painless and shiny and efficient, and finally, I think, an enormous bore. The central character is a ruthless and dissatisfied lawyer with principles and a habit of walking out on his problems, and I must admit one perfectly well understood how easy it was for him to become mightily unenthusiastic about his lot. Mr. Auchinloss keeps a cold eye fixed to his particular corner of the contemporary American scene, but is, I think, at heart a happy-ending man for the long train journey.

Within & Without by John Harvey is a sour little love-story, beautifully plotted and written—for a first novel it is amazingly assured technically—about a mean-hearted young man who settles for a smart deb and a wedding with 500 guests rather than love and disorganization with a beautiful unsophisticated art-student who is not in his class. The hero is one of the least charming I have met in months, and the whole lugubrious business seems sad material for a talent like Mr. Harvey's.

Mary Cecil's first book was called *In Two Minds* and was about a nervous breakdown. *Something In Common* is about a lady flautist, in revolt against her snobby parents, who takes a job as a theatre usherette as a gesture of freedom and

defiance. Miss Cecil appears to be writing semi-documentary fiction, and more or less the same heroine crops up in both books. *Something In Common* seemed to me much, much too long, and funny in a rather worryingly desperate way, as though the author wasn't quite sure herself.

Best Black Magic Stories is the latest in the Faber short story anthologies. It is edited by John Keir Cross, and the stories are juicily crammed with wax images and nasty goings-on at the altar at dead of night (some, such as M. R. James's classic *Casting The Runes*, are genuinely horrifying and all the more impressive for not being explicit).

Penguins have brought out some excellent new titles—among them Elaine Dundy's wry and entirely enchanting *The Dud Avocado*, Margery Allingham's best thriller *The Beckoning Lady* (Campion in deep rural Suffolk, and the country so good you don't have to mind a bit about the plot), and a marvellous book by James Dugan called *Man Explores The Sea*, from Alexander the Great straight on.

Lastly, a delightful oddity—Heinemann's reprint of *Rip Van Winkle*, a story which I have always found a terrible old bore. It is here made enchanting by 50 adorable pictures by Arthur Rackham, first published in 1905, and full of elves and pixies with faces like battered tree-trunks, and young women in romantic sprigged muslin.



A tuneful toot of flutes

MY MUSICAL DICTIONARY LISTS THE flute as a wind instrument; it does not tell me that they come in two sizes, flutes and alto flutes. Some jazzmen have wasted no time in finding out the subtle variation, and there are two records I have heard this month which put the accent on this un-jazz-like instrument.

Poll winner Herbie Mann joins forces with Buddy Collette in some amusing duets on *Flute fraternity*

(25/015), where the thread-like themes of several popular tunes are woven intricately. Of course it is shallow music by normal jazz standards, and I am still loath to accept the flute as a proper voice in the instrumental range of the jazz band.

Basie must like flutes, because one of his top soloists, Frank Wess, plays one as well as filling his usual rôle of saxophonist. He blows some delicate solos in Milt Jackson's latest album, *Bags & flutes* (LTZ-K15177), sounding rather more convincing than Belgian-born Bobby Jasper, who replaces Wess on two tracks. The flautist has so little scope to vary his tone, to blow it "hot" in the accepted jazz sense, that the outlet for the instrument seems mainly to be confined to these semi-chamber music sets. Both records are eminently suitable for the drawing-room, the latter notable for some inspired guitar playing by Kenny Burrell.

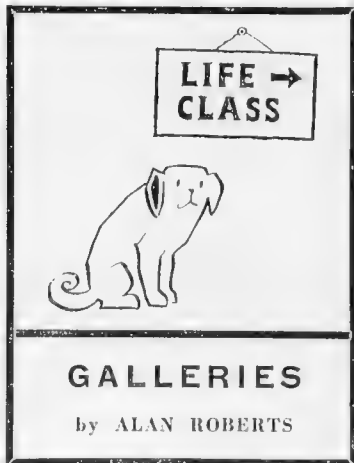
One of the great sounds of the 'thirties was Benny Goodman in full cry with his clarinet and his band in the throes of playing a Fletcher Henderson arrangement. Four of the examples from his *Treasure chest* (MGM-C805) are by this greatest of all early arrangers, and a further two come from the pen of his brother Horace Henderson. With four trio/quartet samples of the best vintage Goodman thrown in, there is real value in this set. Although many of the titles and performances are similar to original Victor ones, they have the advantage of being live recordings, and few people would deny that they swing like mad.

A later period, 1940-46, in Goodman's career, and a substantially different band gives us a further cross-section of his musical progress. Big band and sextet predominate, and some interesting names appear, especially Fletcher Henderson as pianist and Charlie Christian as guitarist on "Rose Room." Another favourite pianist of mine, Mel Powell, is well featured as an arranger and composer. The recreation of Tommy Dorsey's band of the same period (STA3020) is most disappointing, which goes to prove that there is more to being a good bandleader than having a nice smile.

Gala's *Modern jazz hall of fame* (GLP328) stems from an obviously exciting Toronto concert in 1956, judging by the audience reaction. A great array of names were present, all staunch modernists of the Gillespie-Parker-Roach school. They blow their heads off to some effect, with row after row of exacting solos to dazzle anyone but the most blasé.

Pianist Bud Powell is in exceptional form, Charlie Mingus climbs out on a limb and stays there, pursued but not caught by J. J.

Johnson and Kai Winding in their slickly jubilant trombone duets. Max Roach has a drum conversation, apparently to himself, which drives the 'Toronto "cats" into ecstasy. I wish I could have been there to answer him back! Good though he is, he doesn't deserve to have it all his own way.



Cubism! What was that?

BEFORE THE WAR THE ACADEMY'S Diploma Gallery was, as its name implied, the permanent home of the "diploma works," one of which each new R.A. since 1769 has been

obliged to deposit, on election, as a proof of his skill. But since 1945 it has frequently been given over to other exhibitions—one-man shows of Augustus John, Sir Alfred Munnings and Sir Winston Churchill among them—to earn an honest penny between the great winter exhibitions and the perennial summer shows. Now with *Diploma and Other Works* it reverts temporarily to something like its original purpose.

The "other works" include finely contrasting self-portraits by Reynolds and Gainsborough who, as founder members in 1768, were not subject to the diploma-work rule, several beautiful sketches by Constable that are usually tucked away in the council rooms, and other treasures by the giants of the Academy's early days.

These apart, the most enthusiastic adjective that can be applied collectively to the remainder is "interesting." With only a few exceptions they witness the sad general decline of the Academy through Victorian, Edwardian and more recent times, and show how obstinately it shunned all the new ideas of the past hundred years until those ideas were no longer new.

Nor, in the room devoted to the works of contemporary R.A.s, is there much sign that things have changed. Cubism, expressionism, vorticism, surrealism and abstract

painting might never have existed.

If it were not for those old masters and a few modern "greats" like Sickert, John and Orpen (whose *Chef de l'Hôtel Chatham* greets us like an old friend) a visit to the Diploma Gallery would be a depressing affair indeed.

Ten living French painters have contributed the 29 pictures now on show at Wildenstein's under the ensnaring collective title *The Horse*. None of them is a "horse painter" in the sense that Munnings was. None approaches his equestrian subjects with the anatomical knowledge of a Stubbs or the snapshot skill of a Degas, and only one, Hubert Aicardi, appears to have anything remotely resembling Franz Marc's insight into the inner spirit of man's best friend.

So although their pictures may have considerable appeal to art-lovers, few are likely to meet with the approval of horse-lovers. To the latter, Aicardi's pathetic ponies in their stark dream-landscapes will have more appeal than Claude Groppe's four-legged lay figures racing at Vincennes or Jacques Despierre's mechanical thoroughbreds racing in Robot-land.

To them, too, the gentle creatures in the middle distance of Maurice Brianchon's calm landscapes will seem more essentially equine than the wild Arabs charging *en masse* across the Fauve-coloured canvases

of Roger Limouse. But taste is a varied thing and this is nothing if not a varied exhibition.

Roddy Maude-Roxby, who shares the exhibition at the Portal with Peter Blake, is better known as the young actor who nightly conducts a choir of I-speak-your-weight machines in N. F. Simpson's *One Way Pendulum* at the Criterion Theatre. It is this association with Mr. Simpson that must have inspired his note in the catalogue, "Some of these paintings are older than others but they were painted when I was younger which is confusing but two are painted under and over older paintings incorporating parts which end like that." Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that his paintings, too, are rather like that.

For the second time the Jeffress Gallery is presenting the work of Domenico Gnoli, a prolific young Italian painter working in a unique style with fascinating effect. Using casein as a medium he paints with earth colours upon a prepared ground that has the sandy appearance of cement. Sometimes he models the ground into shallow relief and at others uses a knife to incise outlines.

His subjects are varied but whether *Boy Resting At A Table*, *Coliseum* or simply *Open Cupboard* they have a timeless quality of simplicity. This is certainly an exhibition to see.

Allen Solly



One of the lovely Norman Hartnell designs. About 59/6

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MOTORING

Consider the facts, m'luds

by GORDON WILKINS

MR. JUSTICE HILBERY HAS NOW joined Lord Goddard in criticizing compulsory insurance for motor vehicles. This is a perfect illustration of the way the motorist can never be right. When some cars ran without insurance it was considered a scandal and had to be stopped. Now that everyone is compulsorily insured, it is wrong, because it creates irresponsibility, so these learned gentlemen want the guilty driver to pay part of the damages out of his own pocket.

While this might satisfy the desire for vindictive punishment which some people feel where vehicle drivers are concerned, it would hit at the whole purpose of compulsory insurance, which is to protect the accident victim. The judges do not seem to realize that a driver with a bad record may already have to pay up to the first £100 of every claim. To go beyond this would increase the difficulties of

recovery by plaintiffs and increase the chance of his losing his damages through bankruptcy of the defendant.

After this kind of thing it was a relief to hear some practical good sense about accident problems while lunching with some top insurance men in the City.

They emphatically denied reports that a sharp increase in premiums for old cars is imminent. These were three typical views:

"I think the whole picture of the dangers created by old cars on the road is grossly distorted. There is nothing in our experience to support it."

"We ask for an engineer's certificate before insuring an old car, but we see no reason for special premiums. Many old cars are owned by do-it-yourself enthusiasts and are extremely well maintained."

"Our only worry with old cars is the high cost of body repairs where

rust has caused deterioration. We are much more concerned about fleets of modern cars doing big mileages, where maintenance is skimped. Another problem is the modern second-hand car, where the owner, loaded with hire-purchase debt, finds he has bitten off more than he can chew and has no money to spare for repairs and maintenance."

The effect of drink is another subject which some insurance men think has been grossly exaggerated. One told me: "I do not believe that stronger measures against drivers who drink would have any significant effect on insurance claims."

Of course I fired at them my favourite grumble about the high premiums demanded for sports cars, irrespective of the driver's record. Claims by young and inexperienced drivers have been high, but there is another reason. Insurance men feel that so much prejudice has been

whipped up against sports cars in England that a sports car driver will probably be treated more harshly by the courts than the driver of an ordinary car in similar circumstances.

This is reflected in the higher insurance premiums, but there is still a good deal of flexibility; so if you have a good record and are dissatisfied with the premiums asked for your sports car, go shopping for your insurance. You may do better elsewhere.

After the torrent of wild views about road accidents in speeches, articles and TV programmes by people whose vehemence is more evident than their objectivity, it is refreshing to talk to insurance men. On this subject they are as free as human beings may be from emotion, spite or prejudice. They are running a business and to make a profit they have to stick to the facts and avoid popular illusions.

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Who would be suitable, who would be right,
Who would respond to the old fascination—
Whom shall I take out to dinner tonight?*

*Susan wouldn't suit.
Jennifer's just engaged.
Dinah's divorce is absolute,
But how she's aged!*

*Carolyn's so grand.
Annabelle never speaks.
Tried to kiss April last time, and
She sulked for weeks.*

*Who will intrigue me with come-hither glances,
Raising the Château Latour to her lips?
Who will hold hands where the candlelight dances—
Who will bequeath me the rest of her chips?*

*Julie gets all shy.
Abigail's hard as flint.
Toni's the sweetest thing, but I
Abhor her squint.*

*Jo's too animal.
Tabitha tends to bruise.
Mary's a little minx, and Sal
Discards her shoes.*

*Ended's the list at the back of the diary.
Poor little chap, of companions bereft!
Scraped is the barrel, complete's the inquiry—
Forced to conclude there is nobody left.*

*Fate my cup has brewed.
Casting aside the dregs,
Home I return to solitude,
And scrambled eggs.*

Francis Kinsman

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Priscilla Conran

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

by ALBERT ADAIR

THE COLOURFUL 18TH-CENTURY Bergama rug (*above*) belongs to me and I can echo the words of Flecker's Hassan, confectioner and marketplace philosopher of old Baghdad. "Had I been rich," he sighed, "how deep had been my delight in the colours of rich carpets and expensive silks. But be content, O artist, thou hast one carpet; be content confectioner." I am certainly content with mine.

The majority of these antique rugs are Turkish from Anatolia and Asia Minor. They were imported into England and Europe—mainly through Venice—from as far back as the 15th century. Their fine quality and glorious colouring caused them to be used originally as wall hangings and table coverings, never as carpets. Many of the 17th-century Dutch *genre* paintings record this practice.

Bergama rugs come from Turkish Asia Minor and usually have the traditional *mihrab* design—a representation of the arch of a Mohammedan mosque—at each end, making the whole more symmetrical. They are never exactly square, this one is

and the date (the Moslem one, not ours) are integrated in the general design. Midway along the top of the picture a small wool tassel (*Püskül*) can be seen, placed there by the weaver to ward off the evil eye.

Bergama weavers used the *ghiordes* knot which is, generally speaking, peculiar to Turkish rugs. Persian weavers used the *senneh* knot. Both are shown in the diagram with the *ghiordes* knot on the right. This rug has a woollen warp and weft and coloured web and fringe at the sides. The nap is long and glories in a wealth of colour, accentuated by the depth and sheen of the soft, lustrous pile. Rich deep blues and reds prevail.

Antique Bergamas are sought after by collectors. Their prices vary a good deal but a visit to a London or country auction room, where they are not infrequently to be found, could prove fruitful.

Some superb examples of Oriental rugs can be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum, including the famous Ardebil carpet from the Mosque of Sheikh Safi, which occupied the chief weaver from boyhood till old age. Resigned to his lot in this life, he wove his own epitaph into the carpet:

"I have no refuge in the world, other than thy threshold, My head no protection other than this porchway."

The work of the slave of the Holy Place, Makhsud of Kashan, in the year 946.



42 inches by 43½ inches, because Allah alone is perfect. In this one, too, the initials of the weaver

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DINING IN

Spring chicken

by HELEN BURKE

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY, THE AIM of the American housewife, may well become the custom in this country too before long. The reason is that delicately flavoured and tender young birds, about 10 weeks old, are becoming so inexpensive as to cost less than meat of similar quality.

One can go on plainly and unimaginatively roasting them but it is better, I think, to make a fuss of these young birds.

We casserole old birds to tender-

ize them and it may seem a little odd to treat a spring chicken—available the whole year round—in the same way. But it could be the best way of all.

I myself would always plump for *Poulet en Cocotte*, using, for preference, one of those black French iron ones stocked by Cadec of Greek Street. But one of the many makes of enamelled iron ones will do well.

If the spring chicken is the maximum size—2½ lb. trussed—allow one for four persons, and if the bird is frozen let it defrost enough to remove the giblets. Reserve the liver and put the others in a pan with cold water to cover them. Add a sliced small carrot, a sliced onion, a few sprays of parsley, a small sprig of thyme, a bay leaf and a little pepper and salt. If celery is available, add some of the top leaves. Cover and simmer for an hour.

Sprinkle the inside of the chicken with pepper and salt. Add also a small nut of butter so that its fragrance may “perfume” the bird as it is fried. Melt together 2 oz. butter and a dessertspoon of olive oil in the cocotte and fry the trussed defrosted chicken all over in them to a pale gold.

Meanwhile, for chicken country

style, lightly fry in butter a dozen tiny whole onions, a sliced small turnip, if liked, ½ lb. spring carrots and 1 lb. tiny new potatoes. Sprinkle a scant half-teaspoon of sugar into the pan to caramelize it and colour the vegetables. Fry also ½ lb. diced unsmoked streaky bacon and the quartered liver. Season to taste.

Surround the chicken in the casserole with this garnish and add 2 to 3 tablespoons of strained giblet stock. Cover and cook gently for just under ½ hour at 375 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 5.

Add to the frying-pan a measure of dry white wine and the strained stock from the giblets, and rub around to release the residue. To make a sauce, bring the liquid to the boil and stir into it (for ½ pint) a teaspoon of best arrowroot blended with a dessertspoon of cold water. Boil up again and the sauce will be slightly thickened. If the sauce is not dark enough, add the merest touch of liquid gravy browning.

Cut the chicken into four pieces. The chicken and its vegetables are usually served in the casserole in which they were cooked but I prefer to arrange the pieces in a heated deep-enough serving dish with the garnish, nicely moistened

with a little of the sauce, around them. Pass the remaining sauce separately.

For *Poulet Bonne Femme*, omit the carrots and turnip and, in their place, use ¼ lb. small mushrooms. Add them to the casserole after it has been 15 minutes in the oven and cook for a further 20 minutes.

For *Poulet au Mercier*, cook as for *Bonne Femme*. Turn a small packet of frozen peas into a pan of boiling water, as directed. When boiling point is again reached, give them not more than 2 minutes' gentle cooking. Drain them and add them to the vegetable garnish a few minutes before serving.

For *Poulet au Père Lathuille*, follow the first recipe. Add to the garnish (just now) several quartered canned artichoke bottoms just before serving and heat them through.

Other “perfumes”? Before frying the chicken, place inside it a little grated lemon rind or thin strips of it without pith. Pimento is another pleasant flavour. Place a piece of canned red pimento inside the chicken before frying it, drain the juice from the can into the giblet stock and cut the remaining pimentos from a small can into diamonds and add them to the vegetable garnish.

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(Continued from previous page)

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CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

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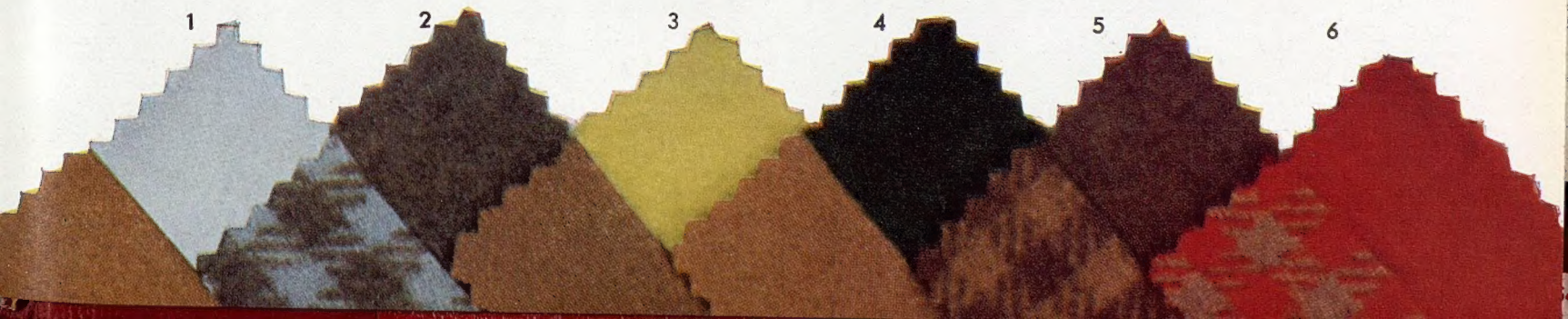
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